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## CHRONICLE.

**THE KILKENNY ELECTION.**  
FRIDAY week, though Mr. PARNELL stuck to his work, and there was much talking, was, comparatively speaking, a blank day in the Kilkenny contest, save perhaps for a very ingenuous telegram from Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY to Mr. DILLON, in which the amiable leader of the patriots asserted that Sir JOHN POPE HENNESSY's return was quite secured, and that, therefore, a telegram from Mr. DILLON would be a great assistance. Nor is there much to say about Saturday, except that Mr. PARNELL drew a pleasing picture of his rival as "an amiable old gentleman sitting with his feet in mustard and water, a tumbler of punch in his hand, and not an ounce of steel in his body, or 'soul either'; that the anti-Parnellite paper, variously called the *Irrepressible* and the *Insuppressible*, took up the wondrous tale of Billingsgate rather prettily; and that there were a great many meetings. Fortune, however (corrected by the priests), favoured the lime-throwers, and Mr. SCULLY was beaten by the large majority of 1,171, to the almost hysterical relief of the English Separatists, who, in the chastened and religious mood begotten of anxiety, had the day before been admitting that "the eternal truths by which Mr. GLADSTONE is guided stand higher [yes, actually higher!] than Mr. GLADSTONE himself." Mr. PARNELL made a stout enough speech after his defeat, which he probably anticipated, and which would have been very pleasing to Unionists if the other side could have been defeated also. Had he minded his book better when he was what the penny-a-liner calls a student at Magdalene College, Cambridge, he might have adapted with great effect an epigram from a brother Cantab of some talent:—

And for my foes, may this their blessing be  
To have to work with J-h-n P-pe H-nn-see!

Since the election there have been musters of anti-Parnellites and Parnellites both at Boulogne to meet Mr. O'BRIEN. Both sides seem to forget that excellent advice of BARNES NEWCOMBE, that when wine-glasses are broken you had better sweep them up quietly; for you can't mend them.

**Other Home Politics.**  
Mr. BRYCE spoke at Aberdeen on Monday, and the comfort which he gave his constituents may be said to have harmonized very happily with the general temperature of the Granite City at this time of year.—Some most important and salutary sentences were passed at the winter Sligo Assizes on Moonlighters by the CHIEF JUSTICE, varying from penal servitude for life through twenty years to twelve months' imprisonment. All the cases, which were of the worst terrorizing type, had been heard, and verdicts obtained, before juries.

**Foreign Affairs.**  
The text of Queen NATALIE's Manifesto or Memorandum was published on Saturday morning with an appendix of documents later. It is a curious composition, and deserving of comment elsewhere.—On the same day it was announced that a good effect had been produced in Portugal by the withdrawal of the South Africa Company's forces from Manica Land, though there appeared to be some danger of the Portuguese presuming on this.—Another very interesting piece of African intelligence on the same day was that EMIN Pasha had been recalled for disobedience, extravagance, and general impracticability by the German Commissioner.—The GOUFFÉ murder trial—a scandal to French procedure and French society, no doubt, but one which some experiences of our own should make us rather shy of too volubly denouncing—came to an end by the condemnation of EYRAUD to death, and of GABRIELLE BOMFARD to twenty years' imprisonment, the "extenuating circum-

"stances" in her case being beyond all doubt the fact that she was pretty, which, indeed, "is something, nay, 'tis much."—If rumour does not lie, the Behring Straits matter will give Lord SALISBURY some trouble, President HARRISON being disposed to refuse arbitration except on a reference and with terms quite inadmissible, and generally to play against the recent decision of the electors the card of "tail-twisting." In that case there will be only one counter game to play, that of unhesitating, though quite polite and guarded, maintenance of Canadian rights.—The ardent friendship of Germany for Russia is to be demonstrated by a very elaborate fortification of Breslau.—A German naturalist has been murdered in Crete, but there seems to be no reason for attributing the crime to any motive but cupidity, whether it was committed by a Mussulman or—as the authorities hold—by a Christian.—The persons concerned in the escape of PADLEWSKY were sentenced on Wednesday to different terms of imprisonment, M. LABRUYÈRE, that enterprising exponent of the New Journalism, receiving as much as thirteen months. So may they all!—The Powers are said to have replied, as might be expected, with a soothing vagueness to the rather undignified Note sent to them by Portugal on the subject of the Manica Land dispute. As redress had not then been even asked from, and had certainly not been refused by, England, the Note may be said to have been something more than premature.

**The new Dean of St. Paul's.**  
The appointment of Canon GREGORY to the Deanery of St. Paul's ought to please most people who are worth pleasing. If the Canon hardly continues the extraordinary literary tradition of MILMAN, MANDEL, and CHURCH, that was not to be expected; and as a Churchman, a preacher, an organizer, and, in relation at once to public business and private deserts generally, he leaves nothing to desire, except the prospect of a longer tenure of office than his age can allow.

On Saturday last the Archbishop of CANTERBURY addressed to the clergy of his diocese a letter-commentary on his recent judgment.—Mr. STEAD, of the *Review of Reviews*, published under threat a curious letter of apology to Messrs. MUDIE in reference to "General" BOOTH's book, and Mr. HUXLEY fired another heavy broadside into the "General." Meanwhile that worthy tours about England securing considerable contributions for his scheme from the class of persons so admirably characterized by the excellent Sir ROGER in a great aphorism, and, as might be expected, proportionately robbing sound local charities.—A long and extremely incoherent letter appeared from Mr. WILLIAM BONNY on the subject of the Rearguard charges, as well as a serious attack on Mr. LABOUCHÈRE for certain imputations of his (which were animadverted upon here at the time), both in Parliament and in the press, as to the employment of Inspector JARVIS to procure an American Fenian to give evidence for the *Times* in the PARNELL Commission.—Several other letters of interest were published on the *Serpent* disaster by Admiral DE HORSEY; on "General" BOOTH's scheme by the "General" and others; on the Birmingham dispute by Sir JAMES SAWYER; on the American Copyright Bill by Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER; and on the Bishop of LINCOLN's case by an anonymous correspondent of the *Times*, who turned the tables very neatly on a complaint of the Church Association as to interviews between the ARCHBISHOP and the defendant's representatives.—Letters always thicken as ordinary news diminishes towards Christmas, and Tuesday yielded a considerable crop. Professor DICEY, Professor BUTCHER, and Mr. (COOKSON) CRACKANTHORP urged usefully certain points in connexion with anti-Parnellism, and its bearing on the Gladstonian connexion with Home Rule; Mr. HOWARTH in similar

manner emphasized for the benefit of the public which likes its nails knocked well home the exceedingly anomalous position of the Irish priesthood at this moment; Mr. LABOUCHERE endeavoured, in answer to the letter cited above, to show that he really is an "honourable member"; and "General" BOOTH received the highly-strung support of Mr. BENJAMIN TILLET, Democrat, who had been arranging at Edinburgh for an exhibition of Christmas peace and goodwill as per strike elsewhere noted. And still the battle raged on Wednesday morning between Professor HUXLEY and the Salvationists.—Christmas morning again provided some contributions of interest—one from the reverend person of the name of HUGH PRICE HUGHES, who observed (only less frankly) that he turns his seeing eye to proofs of breaches of the Seventh Commandment, and his blind one to proofs of breaches of the Sixth and Eighth; one from Mr. CHANNING, in so-called reply to Mr. DICEY, which was very much what we might expect of Mr. CHANNING; and an ingenious plea for entrance fees to railway stations when great persons speak there, by Mr. PENROSE FITZGERALD. But surely it would be juster to put the tax on the great persons, who usually do it for their own ends?

The Head-Masters' Conference. The Head-masters' Conference sitting at Oxford was busy on Tuesday with propositions for the abolition of Greek (for that is what it comes to), which were started, we regret to say, by the Head-master of Harrow. The motion was defeated by a narrow majority, the numerous variants and amendments to it more decidedly. It is quite comprehensible that Head-masters should sometimes feel at their wits' ends amid the welter of the modern curriculum; but it is certainly disappointing that they should advocate the disappearance (for this, we repeat, is what Greek "ceasing to be a compulsory subject in the Universities" means) of the one subject which will have nothing to do with modern *banusia* and modern "bread-studies."—On Wednesday the chief business concerned preparatory schools, and here again Mr. WELLDON took the lead. We cannot agree with him much better in his apparent wish to regiment the whole of secondary education into a system. The greatest merit of our public school and University scheme in England has been the great elasticity and diversity of the training given, and we at least do not wish to see these exchanged for a cast-iron discipline from hornbook to bachelor's gown, especially with the sort of *livret* of moral reports and the like from successive inquisitors which Mr. WELLDON sighs for.

Miscellaneous. On Saturday last Mr. CHARLES LYDDON, concerned in the very strange case of the death of his stepbrother, Dr. LYDDON, was committed for trial.—A memorial, well drawn up and numerous signed, has been presented to Lord SALISBURY in the matter of ancient Egyptian monuments, and it is to be hoped that it will have prompt attention.—Some four thousand men—a number increased later—went out on strike on the Scotch railways last Monday. Considering the time of year, the need of coal, and the fact that the goods traffic was chiefly affected, the sentiment with which the public ought to regard these persons hardly needs estimation here. The strike spread yet further on Tuesday, and the greater part of Scotch passenger as well as goods traffic was stopped.—ELEANOR WHEELER was hanged for the murder of Mrs. HOGG and her child on Tuesday.—As for the weather, which has been even more a matter of suffering than of talk, it is enough to say that on Monday last the thermometer at Cambridge dropped to within four degrees of zero, while that in London, though higher, still marked all but twenty degrees below freezing.

Obituary. The death of the Archbishop of YORK was not unexpected, for his constitution, a very strong one, had been known for some years to be breaking up. Of Dr. THOMSON much good might be said, and some things not so good. His standard of churchmanship was not ours; his learning (though he wrote a sound, hard-headed book enough on logic) was not very great; and he was accused of obtaining a promotion unusually rapid and not distinctly traceable to any known merits, by methods which, though implying no positive discredit, are less openly practised by the clergy of the present day than—if we are to believe satirists—they were by their predecessors. But he was a man of great practical ability, undoubtedly conscientious, and untiring in work. The Archbishopric of York is, in some respects, even a more difficult post to fill than that of Canterbury, for its purely episcopal duties are greater, and the Northcountryman generally is a difficult

animal to shepherd. Dr. THOMSON bore not the crozier in vain, and that is always something.—Canon MOLESWORTH, of Rochdale, was the author of some poetical and ecclesiastical works, which had vogue, if no extraordinary merit.—M. LAMI was almost the *doyen* of French painters, having exhibited as far back as 1824, and an expert in water-colour at a time when that medium was very little affected in France.—Sir FRANK TURNER, who had served creditably in the first Afghan war and in the Mutiny; NILS GADE, the well-known Danish composer; M. OTTIX, a French sculptor rather of yesterday, and others, swelled the list on Tuesday morning. M. DANILEFSKY was, not only by official position, the chief of Russian journalists and—what journalists too often are not—a man of letters as well.—We regret to have to record the suicide of Mr. LANT-CARPENTER, a scientific engineer of no small mark.

The lull in the publishing trade, which usually Books, &c. sets in a little before Christmas and continues till a little after the New Year, has been broken by one or two books of interest, notably Mr. R. L. STEVENSON'S *Ballads* (CHATTO & WINDUS), and an exceedingly remarkable volume of illustrations to DANTE (not published, but privately printed by Messrs. CONSTABLE), which is due to Mrs. TRAQUAIR for the plates, and to Mr. J. SUTHERLAND BLACK for the notes. The long-expected Diaries of Mr. JAMESON (PORTER) have also appeared; but, as far as we have yet been able to discover, they do little more than corroborate the good faith of his own version of the cannibal story without introducing much new matter.—The Crystal Palace, taking time by the forelock, gave its pantomime for the first time on Christmas Eve, instead of Boxing Day, and a lively farce, which we notice elsewhere, has been produced at the Comedy Theatre.

#### NORTH KILKENNY.

MR. PARNELL'S adversaries have taken the first trick. That is a victory which is not commonly regarded at the whist-table as justifying either triumphant jubilation on one side or profound despondency on the other. To judge, however, from the behaviour of that easily depressed and still more easily elated party who are at present backing—whom shall we say? Mr. HEALY and "dumby"—it is the next thing to winning the rubber, or is, at any rate, a certain forecast thereof, whatever may be the distribution of trumps and honours, or whatever the disparities of play. There is, however, no reason to believe that this absurd view of the game is shared by the players. It is hardly to be supposed that the anti-Parnellites look upon their recent success in North Kilkenny, signal though it was, as an assurance that they are going to "sweep the country," while as to Mr. PARNELL himself, he will strangely belie the inferences deducible from his whole conduct since the first outbreak of revolt if he shows an inclination to surrender to a single defeat. No doubt his opponents will affect to regard their victory as representatively decisive. It would be only "good business" on their part to do so, not only for the purpose of reassuring their uneasy Gladstonian allies, but of impressing and influencing their Irish fellow-countrymen. But in their hearts they are undoubtedly as well aware as Mr. PARNELL himself that the battle which they have won has been fought on a field of their own choosing. They regarded North Kilkenny from the outset, and, as the event proves, rightly, as a specially favourable constituency in which to try conclusions with their late leader—a belief significantly attested by the circumstance that the first official act of their new-fledged Whip, Mr. DEASY, was to move for the issue of the writ for filling up the vacant seat. Mr. PARNELL, of course, had no choice but to accept the challenge, and at once flung himself with characteristic vigour into the contest. He was bound, as a mere necessity of tactics, to display a confidence at least equal to that of his adversaries; but no one can reasonably believe, upon the now ascertained facts of the case, that he would have fought his first fight in North Kilkenny if he could have helped it. Its late representative, Mr. MARUM, was a Nationalist of the most moderate type; unknown in the House of Commons as an Obstructionist, or even as an interrogator; and report stated what history has more than confirmed, that the constituency was one in which priestly influence was likely to be particularly strong.



How abundant the above-mentioned historical confirmation has been, we may judge from the confessions of the writers themselves. It has been admitted, with engaging frankness, by a newspaper correspondent in thorough sympathy with them, that Sir JOHN HENNESSY's return was "a victory for the priests," and he certainly gives chapter and verse for the statement. "One of the most interesting electioneering reminiscences of his life," he tells, "is the sight of Canon CODY, the parish priest of Castlecomer, standing at the door of the principal polling-booth taking voters in hand as they came up to record votes, and impressing upon each the last word of paternal instruction." At Ballyragget a priest marched to the poll at the head of his whole flock of voters from Ballaskin. Other voters, as they came up to this station, were taken into the priest's house for the last word of good counsel. At Johnstown the priest was in the booth; and all over the division priests acted as personation agents. At Gowran each of these personation agents was in a black frock. "Only in Kilkenny town," adds the amusingly confidential chronicler from whom we have quoted, "did the priests receive a check." Here it appears that "quite a flock" of these black-plumaged birds took up their position in a balcony outside the old Court-house, which was used as a polling-station, and stood there to "have a last word with the voters as they passed up the flight of steps at either end of the balcony on their way into the building." In this case it seems that Mr. PARNELL complained of the priests being allowed to go where the public were not admitted, and they were upon this requested to retire; but they carried with them the benediction of the reporter as "reputable, reverend, highly respected men." No doubt they are all that, but whether their reputable, and reverend, and highly respected tactics are in entire conformity with the spirit of the Ballot Act admits of a doubt. It was stated that at every polling station Sir JOHN HENNESSY had appointed a priest as his agent, and it would be interesting to know—and perhaps Sir JOHN's opponent may take the necessary steps to ascertain—what was the number of conveniently "illiterate" voters whose sudden inability to read made it necessary for them to request the priestly agent to mark their ballot-papers for them as supporters of the priests' candidate. It would be agreeable to Unionists to see the questions of undue influence, and the infraction of the Ballot Act, determined on an election petition brought by one of these two factions against the representative of the other; but we suppose that that is too much good fortune to hope for. We shall have to be content with the service they conjointly render us in reducing the great Anglo-Irish Separatist combination to complete and permanent political impotence. We can hardly expect them to do us the further and comparatively irrelevant favour of making interesting additions to the existing body of judge-made electoral law.

The innocently effusive welcome which the feebler-minded sort of Gladstonians have given to the alliance of the Irish priesthood would be amusing if it were possible for the frenzied political gymnastics of a desperately involved party to amuse any longer. Broadly ludicrous, indeed, is the spectacle of the decorous English Nonconformists wishing success to that sinister clerical army, as they would once have called it, whose leaders have caught so eagerly at the chance of avenging themselves on the one Irish demagogue who has ever thoroughly defeated them, and whom they fear, and of bringing the Nationalist movement once for all under their control. But even this gross inconsistency dwindles into insignificance beside the central paradox of their main position. They are inept enough sometimes to taunt the Unionists with desiring the victory of Mr. PARNELL, the fact being that, though individual Unionists may here and there desire that event, for most part on grounds into which the "sporting" element largely enters, the overwhelming majority of the party are in the happy position of the man who stands to win upon either that event or its opposite. Whether Mr. PARNELL beats Mr. HEALY, or Mr. HEALY beats Mr. PARNELL, the Unionists will be clearly gainers. Opinions may differ as to which contingency is the best for their book, but that they will win either way is certain. Even if Mr. HEALY "swept the country," to take the hypothesis least desired by the Unionists, it is absurd to cherish the belief—into which, however, some of our opponents would appear to have drugged themselves—that the victory would bring about a general "As you were" in the relations of the English and Irish Separatists. The *status quo ante*

*decretum* can never be restored; not so much, we quite admit, by reason of the legal or moral effects of that decree, as of the political incidents to which it has given rise. Mr. GLADSTONE's quarrel with Mr. PARNELL, followed by Mr. PARNELL's rupture with the party, has exposed very much more than the dangerous and "impossible" character of a particular Irish ally of the Gladstonian enemies of the Union. It has revealed the impossibility of the Irish alliance, or at least the hopelessness of keeping the uneasy, and but half-satisfied, English parties to that alliance from breaking away from it. For it has been made abundantly clear that if Mr. PARNELL cannot be trusted to accept a so-called "moderate" Home Rule scheme, and work it with a loyal regard for the limitations imposed in the Imperial interest, so neither can Mr. HEALY nor Mr. MCCARTHY, nor any of that body of Nationalists who have been so chary of admitting throughout the whole struggle that Nationalism, as they understand it, means one whit less than Parnellism, or, in other words, that they will abate one jot of those demands which Mr. GLADSTONE told Mr. PARNELL he could not concede, and to which he knows well that the bulk of his followers all over the country would never listen.

Hence it appears that the English politicians who are accusing the Unionist of the quite gratuitous act of backing one of the rival Irish factions, when he must gain by the success of either, are themselves ridiculously eager for the victory of the other party, when, as a matter of fact, whichever wins, they must lose. It is an absurd position, and it seems singular that intelligent men can remain so utterly unconscious of it. Surely in their hearts they must be aware that the HUMPTY-DUMPTY of Home Rule is for ever fallen, and that neither the Uncrowned King's horses ("Governor" and "Dictator"), nor the Uncrowned King's revolted men, will ever set it up again on the political wall.

#### THE BENEVOLENT BOOKMAKER.

SIR GEORGE CHETWYND'S opinion on turf matters would at all times command attention; for, if he does not understand the business in all its branches, who can be said to do so? But his recent article in the *New Review* has attracted special notice, from the fact that he—hitherto somewhat of an optimist about racing—has recanted his faith in the Panglossian theory, and has grave misgivings whether just at present all is for the best in a world where excellence is, to say the least of it, doubtful. Sir GEORGE has been deeply impressed by a recent utterance of a "prominent and highly respectable bookmaker," who was heard to exclaim, "I can't understand why you gentlemen bet. You've no chance. All the money goes into the pockets of a few jockeys and their friends," and, adds Sir GEORGE, "this announcement is certainly disquieting, coming, as it did, from a man accustomed to make large books on every race, and whose knowledge, therefore, is entitled to respect." For ourselves, the gifts of the Greeks are always, if not disquieting, at least open to suspicion, and one would like to be informed for what reason this benevolent bookmaker should give gratuitous caution and advice to the only class of men from whose purses, according to his own showing, he expects to recoup himself for absolutely necessary losses to jockeys' friends, and to draw in addition the not inconsiderable sum on which he annually reckons as the reward of his labours. And why "no chance"? Surely the backer has, at any rate, the chance of blundering by accident upon the horse who represents the interest of the jockeys with few friends; or are we to understand that the odds against (or on) that favoured animal are reserved by the benevolent one for the special benefit of the *corps d'élite* who, to use a phrase employed by Mr. JAMES LOWTHER at the dinner of the Gimcrack Club, have the means to a certain extent of "securing the fulfilment of their prophecies"? Quite right, too, was Mr. LOWTHER when he observed that formerly the bookmakers were supposed to be the moving spirits in those arrangements which cause the fulfilment of prophecy. That allegorical pencil against which a favourite who went badly in the market was so often alleged to have struck his foot was certainly, according to popular belief, the property of the professional *layer* of odds. It seems, however, that we were all wrong. The cloud of suspicion which so long hung over the Ring has been dispersed, and the members of that body, so far from bearing malice for bygone injustice, are ready and willing to come forward and point out to

their whilom aspersers where it is that the shoe really pinches, and why the noble army of ordinary backers has to be so freely and frequently recruited. The truth of the matter is, that the Ring are bound to have a grievance; like farmers, they are almost obliged by virtue of their profession to grumble; profits must be concealed, even if payments are not to be evaded, which, in the case of the former it must be admitted, seldom if ever happens; there is moreover a necessity that from time to time some explanation should be forthcoming of the uncomfortable fact that the vast majority of the footsteps trend only into the cave, the *vestigia retrorsum*, though not absolutely wanting, being so few as to escape notice. Thus it comes to pass that sometimes a jockeys' ring, sometimes, as at present, a combination of jockeys and professional backers, have to bear the blame of public grief (which very possibly is aggravated by these causes), but never, oh! never, let us for a moment impute the fault to that dead mathematical "pull of the tables," under the intelligent, but not too generous, administration of the Bookmakers' Guild. It is more than probable that they do sometimes "*wonder why gentlemen bet when they have no chance,*" less than likely that the chance will ever be given by a more liberal quotation of odds.

Nor, indeed, could the Ring well afford to do so; for, as matters now stand, they not only ruin their customers (which from their point of view is the customers' natural destiny), but, by their incredible folly, have contrived to render their own position so shaky, that it is believed, by those well informed on such subjects, that a very considerable number of old-established layers are at this moment on the brink of insolvency, notwithstanding the immense advantages of their calling, and for this state of affairs they have themselves only to blame, since it has arisen entirely from the ridiculous system of settlement, or rather of non-settlement, and of credit, which they have allowed and even encouraged to grow up. Formerly accounts were adjusted every Monday during the racing season with what practically amounted to clockwork regularity, and the men who formed the exception to the rule had at any rate the grace to be heartily ashamed of themselves. Now the exact contrary prevails; it is a notorious fact that any man who holds what is called "a position on the Turf" may for a long time pay or not, pretty much as he pleases, that very many men do please to avail themselves largely of this privilege, and that some of the heaviest bettors, celebrated for the scale of their operations, plunge, default, pay a composition, privately arranged, of ten shillings in the pound, or thereabouts, reappear the next week and recommence the business, with the same result, without any attempt on the part of their creditors to put in motion the machinery always ready to hand, whereby non-settlers can be obliged to pay in full, or cease from making an appearance on race-courses. Nobody likes to bell a big cat, but there is, besides, an advantage for a short period to bookmakers in thus dealing which may not at once suggest itself to the uninitiated. The creditors hold these clients in arrear thoroughly in their power, and force them to take even less than the current odds—if such figures are imaginable. So that by no possibility can the defaulter, once entangled in the net, ever get clear again, unless he can raise the money to pay twenty shillings in the pound, which, being where he is, he is almost always unable to do. So the bookmaker keeps rolling up paper profits, getting perhaps a little on account (a clear gain) from time to time, losing back perhaps a trifle occasionally, but meanwhile having to meet his own engagements with unflinching promptitude week after week. The crash comes at last. The plunger makes a desperate rally, goes finally under water, and disappears, the Ring are left once more lamenting with a magnificent addition to their array of bad debts, and the pitiful cry again arises that everybody but themselves is to blame and the Stewards must really do something. Let the bookmakers set their own house in order, let them insist on being paid, or decline to bet with those who do not pay, so shall they at least have nothing to fear from outside combinations—for which, be it remarked, they have the *flair* of a sleuth-hound—but, pending these trifling and not oppressive reforms, let them not be surprised or aggrieved if we laugh at their ingenuous wonder and benevolent advice, and regard their "precious balms" as likely to break the pockets, if not the heads, of their customers.

#### QUEEN NATALIE'S MEMORANDUM.

THE long and curious document which Queen NATALIE of Serbia submitted to the Skuptschina, and which that body refused to consider, has much more than a mere personal interest. It is typical of a kind of thought which is largely expressed in conduct nowadays, and which has a great number of very noisy adherents and exponents in England. Indeed, it is quite possible that *He-Whose-Name-Is-Much-Taken-In-Vain*, the historian of the future, will select it as one of the chief documents for the illustration of a craze which will certainly be a passing one, but which may not even yet have come to its full height. That craze is the theory of women's rights—on the one hand, to the attaining of political, social, and other franchises fully equal to those of men; on the other, to the retention of the old sentimental and chivalrous immunities and privileges which, whether expressly or only by implication, they formerly enjoyed as a consideration for the non-enjoyment of those franchises.

It requires very little examination of the document to discover that the excellent, though termagant, lady's statement of claim carefully omits what she really lays claim to, and as carefully omits the reasons which make it unadvisable to grant it. It is scarcely denied by any one that King MILAN was very far from a model husband; that he was, if not exactly an incapable, a very ineffective, ruler in Council Chamber and field; that his abdication at last was as much dictated by mere selfish love of irresponsible pleasure as by any political considerations; and that his conduct in the divorce proceedings against his wife surpassed HENRY VIII.'s in high-handedness. On the other hand, it is just as notorious that Queen NATALIE was utterly wanting in worthy obedience and forbearance; that in the crisis of the Bulgarian war she was, to say the least, not exactly a ministering angel to her husband; and that from first to last she was violently and indecently partisan and intriguing in her support of the Russian interest in Serbia. These things—which are simply beyond denial, however she may deny them—made it obviously undesirable that, in the event of an abdication, she should, except with great precautions, be allowed access to and influence over the boy-KING, whom she had as notoriously attempted to abstract from the lawful authority of his father and his country. It is as certain as anything can be that, if King MILAN was not exactly likely to be a model of moral virtue to his son, Queen NATALIE, irreproachable in that respect, was extremely likely to be a model to him of political vice. She might, if she would have promised not to attempt influencing him in this way, have had as free access to her child as she liked, and she has not chosen to do so. But to all these things there is hardly more than an allusion in the Memorandum. The QUEEN barely refers to her "alleged political intrigues," saying "Prove it," and then proving it herself in true feminine manner by observing that she had "a truer regard to the welfare of the Servian people" than her husband. All her long document harps merely on motherhood and wifehood and womanhood, and the other hoods that gushers love to play on, forgetting that the prerogatives of mothers and wives and women rest entirely on the conjoint abdication of certain other privileges. Whatever Queen NATALIE may say, she has notoriously not fulfilled this condition. She was (is, if any one pleases, for even a Servian Mr. FROUDE would have some difficulty with her divorce) a faithful wife to an unfaithful spouse; but she was also a scold, a rebel, and a termagant. She was faithful, no doubt, to her own ideas of the welfare of the Servian people. But queens not in their own right are not required to have any very definite ideas on such points, and are very distinctly required to refrain from attempting to carry them out in defiance of their husbands' wishes, of the requirements of international courtesy and policy, and of the constitution of the realm. Queen NATALIE, in short, true to the traditions of her own people, tried to be at once Queen of Serbia and a sort of much more influential and *renuante* O. K. It would not do. She has next tried to be at once a tender mother, despairing that her infant should be torn from her, and a governess in a certain school of politics, and that would not do. Finally, she has tried to be at once an injured, innocent wife and a vixen of the first water, and that would not do either. All these incongruities she has tried to combine once more in her Manifesto, and we do not think that it will do any better with reasonable people, though it may cause trouble with the unreasoning.



## THE SCOTCH STRIKE.

IT is an obvious, but also well founded, remark that the strike—or three strikes rolled into one—which is now threatening to put a temporary stop to all railway communication with Scotland, and in it, is a very appropriate event for the end of this year of strikes. We can even go further, and say that it in a way collects and reproduces the features of the numerous conflicts of the same nature. It is on a very large scale, for it affects, though as yet not in an equal degree, the North British, the Caledonian, and the Glasgow and South Western. It promises to be very obstinate and ruinous. It has been deliberately prepared. It has been forced on by the Unions against the first wishes of many, if not of a majority, of the men. It has been marked by an insolent disregard of legal obligations. It is supported by ostentatious picketing, and at least implied threats of violence. It has been conducted with a quite brutal disregard to the interest of the community. One single detail in the Scotch reports will show how extensive the damage done by the strike will be. It is said that, in consequence of the stoppage of the goods traffic on the South-Western lines, the herring fishery on the coast of Ayrshire, which has lately been most successful, will have to be suspended. In other words, a large part of the population will be threatened with starvation in the midst of a very bitter winter by the action of the railway men.

It is, in fact, this consequence of the strike which gives it its exceptional character. This is not a common trade dispute, but a matter of public concern. Everybody is interested when the means of communication are destroyed. In this case, as in the smaller strike in South Wales, the men are avowedly calculating on the loss and suffering they will cause throughout the country, to put pressure on the Directors of the Companies. Now, it is not necessary to go at present into the questions in dispute between the Companies and their men. We may allow that to some extent the complaint of unduly long hours of work is well founded. Possibly enough, the Directors have been obstinate, and have by punishing the spokesmen of the men on former occasions given some colour to the assertion that they have left their servants no resource but a refusal to work. But if all the men allege on these two points were true, it would not affect what is the real interest of the country in the dispute—namely, whether it is to be left at the mercy of railway servants, who conceive that they have cause of complaint, and act on the modern Liberal principle that their grievances absolve them from all obligation to observe contracts. The Scotch railway servants are bound to give a month's notice before leaving a place. They have none the less struck without a day's warning, and have, as their leaders avow, done so because they can in this way put the greatest possible amount of pressure on the Directors, by disorganizing the whole business of the country. Now, whatever the merits of the case may be as between master and man, this is simply outrageously illegal conduct. There are no doubt means of punishing it, and they will be used. The Directors of the North British have already taken steps against some thirty or forty of the most conspicuous offenders, who will probably be made to smart. It is to be hoped that the companies will not be content with punishing only a few of their servants who have broken contracts. The men have acted under incitement from ringleaders, among whom are agents of the London Unions. The notorious TILLET has been orating at Dundee, urging the railway servants to act in the illegal way in which they have acted. There are means of punishing these firebrands; and we hope that the Railway Directors will remember the wholesome motto of the Thistle. In any case it will be a great misfortune if there is any weak yielding. If "public opinion" in Scotland is in favour of the men, as they assert, public opinion will of course be prepared to dispense with coal, gas-light, and its New Year's holiday. If it is not, then the Directors have nothing to fear but their own weakness. In any case it is time that we settled once for all whether railway servants are to be free to inflict on the country one of the worst evils of a foreign invasion. When we hear of English railway hands threatening to strike, out of sympathy with their Scotch brethren—in other words, to disorganize business in England as it has been upset in Scotland, in the purely selfish interest of a class, it really seems to be time that railway servants generally were put on another footing.

## EMIN PASHA AND THE GERMANS.

FEW things have recently been more interesting in a small way than the intelligence which reached England at the end of last week concerning EMIN Pasha. It would be a mistake to make sure that we have heard the last of it; but the two acts of the drama then known were sufficiently curious by themselves. First, there came unofficial tidings, evidently from an Eminite source, of the most glowing character as to the success of EMIN's expedition into the interior of the German sphere. He had laid the foundations of a German State on the southern shore of the Victoria Nyanza, which was to do more than balance Uganda on the northern. He was about to render the stipulation for an English right of way between the Lakes null by monopolizing that district for Germany (as this would rather facilitate than bar the right of way which Germany is to grant, it seemed odd); he had done, or was about to do, this, that, or the other. Those who remembered how his expedition began with wholesale desertion of porters, how it had had awkward fighting experience, and how skilled African travellers, not Stanleyites by any means, had shaken the head and smiled over the probability of EMIN's doing his new masters much good, marvelled a little over these things, and their marvel was justified. On the heels of the first post came another, official this time, announcing that EMIN had been deprived and recalled by the Imperial Commissioner, and giving the reasons with that sweet indifference to the feelings of discarded servants which is characteristic of Prussian administration. EMIN, it seems, had been an "expensive Herr" and an ineffective, and an impracticable. He would not obey; he would not co-operate with others; he even impeded those others in the execution of their duty to Major VON WISSMANN. So he was recalled.

It is, we repeat, not to be forgotten that there are Wissmannites and anti-Wissmannites in Berlin; that there is a strong feeling in many Germans that EMIN ought to be backed up, both as a German and as a quasi-deserter from the English; and that revolution may be followed by counter-revolution. For the present, however, the news is certainly authentic, and it is not at all unexpected. The two things in respect to which German administration never varies are strict economy and iron discipline. In both these respects EMIN, both by temperament and past experience, was very ill prepared to suit his new masters. He has never been accused, even by Mr. STANLEY, of personal extravagance; but Khedivial officers have always been accustomed to lavish expenditure, and ever since the supplies from Cairo were stopped, EMIN has had great accumulated stores, and the resources of a by no means poor province, to draw upon as he pleased. Nothing is more conceivable than that the supply of marks frugally doled out to him seemed to him grossly insufficient. On the other hand, it is not necessary to know anything about his personal character to understand that a man who has been the Viceroy, and practically the sovereign (even if a rather Janissaried sovereign), of a province for years is likely to find the yoke of a German Commissary-Major rather galling. Personally, too, EMIN appears to be ill disposed to be dictated to. The still not wholly explained quarrel with Mr. STANLEY would seem to have been in part prompted by that person's rough, imperious ways, and by EMIN's dislike to find himself obliged, if not exactly to obey orders, at least to do what others did and move as others moved. In his new service the yoke is not disguised at all, and EMIN is simply a subordinate, on the same footing with a trader, like Mr. STOKES. We need know no more than we do to understand the situation. It has less practical importance, though it is more interesting, than the new German Customs duty which is frightening the merchants of Zanzibar. The statement seems to conflict with a subsequent one to the effect that on the completion of the German payment to the Sultan of Zanzibar there will be no increase in the Customs. But even if it be true there would be no great wisdom in making a fuss, and it is folly to say, as has been said, that it ought to have been provided against in the Convention. We can retaliate if we choose; and if we do not choose, we cannot expect Germany or any other country to accept Free-trade by a side wind, and as a mere consequence of a deimitation of territory. The Germans would be as well entitled to complain of us for trying Free-trade as we of them for trying Protection. If Free-trade is so clearly the right thing, as it is the English custom to pretend, they must do us

benefit and not harm by clapping five per cent. on imported merchandise, in hopes of aggrandizing Bagamoyo at the expense of Mombasa and Zanzibar.

#### NAVIGATION IN THE NAVY.

WE are always glad to hear the praise of an old institution, and so have read with pleasure what Admiral DE HORSEY had to say in the *Times* of Monday about the old naval sailing-masters. He spoke highly of them, and he did well. But as, when similar observations were made by other authorities immediately after the loss of H.M.S. *Serpent*, we had also pointed out that even the sailing-masters were not infallible, we are equally pleased to be confirmed in that opinion by Admiral MAYNE. His letter may be commended to the attention of those who think that any organization will secure us from individual inefficiency. Admiral MAYNE records that when he took command of H.M.S. *Eclipse*, in 1861, he had first to get rid of one incompetent master, and then to endure an equally incompetent, though amiable, successor. This officer had hitherto been a subordinate in the navigating line, and had consequently been employed "in charge of the orlops and holds." He never came on deck except for a walk, and had forgotten his navigation, as he candidly told Captain MAYNE. The Captain did the work himself, and has never regretted it, because the sailing-master, a very good sort of man, "was of great use in looking after the ward-room mess, and in setting a very good example to the younger officers." There were, we can quite believe, inefficient and lazy sailing-masters. The types are seldom wanting where they are men of any trade.

As for the complaint made by Admiral DE HORSEY, that we leave the navigation of ships too much to a particular officer, it is a very old one. MARRYAT says that, in his time, most men had forgotten long before they became captains what navigation they had learnt as midshipmen. They were good seamen and good fighters, but they left the master to take the observations. Admiral DE HORSEY thinks there is too much of this now, and argues that all the officers should take a more active share than they do in the navigation. In his opinion, they should all combine to assist the navigating lieutenant. On the face of it, this seems more than plausible. The safe navigation of a vessel is so much the interest of all on board of her and of the navy, that it would seem too much care cannot be taken. And yet we are not sure that much, if anything, would be gained if Admiral DE HORSEY's wish were carried out. Navigation is, of course, of vital importance; but it is not the only work to be done on board. Now when we have cut the staff of the navy down as low as we well can, and lower than we should, there are not commonly more cats on board than can kill the mice. If the lieutenants and sub-lieutenants are all to be employed checking the work and going over the calculations of the navigating lieutenant, it is highly probable that other work would suffer. Again, is Admiral DE HORSEY sure that this checking would be really done? Is it not much more probable that the officers who had not gone through a special course of navigation would defer to the officer who had, on the very reasonable ground that he was the more likely to be in the right? In case they differed, the captain, we take it, would be more likely to rely on the qualified officer. Indeed, Admiral DE HORSEY gives very good reasons for believing that this is exactly what would happen. As it is, one officer is always told off to work with the navigating lieutenant. In practice he defers to the special man; and what that one officer does all would do. Moreover, if Admiral DE HORSEY's rule were applied all round, it would lead to the doing of work by committee. It is necessary that a ship's armament and engines should be in proper order. Ought all the officers, then, to be engaged to check the gunnery and torpedo lieutenants and the chief engineer? We are afraid that the result of so much checking would be that officers would begin to shrink from responsibility, and that no man's individual work would be thoroughly done. On the whole, we think the present practice is the better. It is right that all officers should learn navigation, gunnery, and the nature of a steam-engine; but that the navigating and gunnery lieutenants, and the chief engineer, should be responsible in their own line, subject always to the control of the captain. After all, as Admiral MAYNE points out, our system works very fairly well. The manoeuvres have

shown that our officers can handle their ships of all sizes in all weathers. The stranding of the *Sultan* and the loss of the *Serpent* were due to individual errors which no system ever will or ever can avoid.

#### THE ONE-MAN SCHEME.

THE intervention of Mr. BEN TILLET, like that of Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN, affords no glimmer of light to lighten the dark and devious intricacies of the Booth scheme. Mr. TILLET's lengthy communication on the subject practically amounts to nothing more than the not inestimable confession that he does not believe in Professor HUXLEY, and that he does believe in "General" BOOTH. But for the faith that is in him he offers no firm ground whatever. His letter, in fact, is very much in the style of the manifesto of the hour. It is as if the mere announcement of his approval were weighty enough to be placed in the scale against any amount of unfavourable criticism. He does not appear to conceive that something more substantial than the patronage of Mr. TILLET is required by those who do not possess his unquestioning faith in Salvationist methods. Of Mr. LOCH's examination of Mr. BOOTH's book he has not a word to say. All that we can discover in this direction is a possible reference to the manipulation of the Booth scheme by a Committee by which the scheme is "damned hopelessly." And, if this is the correct interpretation of Mr. TILLET's obscurity, all we can say of it is that, for once, we entirely agree with Mr. TILLET. Possibly, however, he refers merely to the incredible supposition that Mr. BOOTH should be deposed from absolute control of the scheme and its funds, and a Committee of independent philanthropists be appointed in his place. Let that Committee once get to work and manipulate the scheme, then is that scheme hopelessly damned. Such is Mr. TILLET's conclusion, with which, once again, we find ourselves in perfect accord. It is, therefore, absolutely certain that Mr. TILLET has the unreasonable belief in the "General" that all followers of the Salvation Army must hold. He is against committees, inquiries, examinations, criticisms, and altogether in favour of the One-Man rule. Emulous of Professor HUXLEY's striking historical parallels, Mr. TILLET falls back on history, and gravely delivers himself of the discovery that "NAPOLEON and FREDERICK the Great were epoch-makers." This is, indeed, a handsome recognition of leaders of men by a leader of men, though what possible bearing it has upon the merits of Mr. BOOTH's scheme passes comprehension.

Mr. TILLET's anxiety concerning the "One-Man rule" is altogether superfluous. He need not fear the intrusion of that Committee and the inevitable fate that would follow its manipulation of the Booth scheme. There is not the slightest chance that Mr. BOOTH will permit any innovation on the customs of the Army, either in the ordering of its work or the control and investment of its funds. As we have already said, and as Professor HUXLEY repeats, in his last letter on the subject, the "General" is the Salvation Army. To argue as "A Salvationist" does, that Mr. BOOTH is not an autocrat because he does not treat his followers with harshness, is merely begging the question. No one ever supposed that Mr. BOOTH played the part of the historical autocrat or Oriental despot. It would not pay to play the One-Man ruler in that fashion. But that he is literally an autocrat, the discipline, rules, methods, and customs of the Salvation Army supply the most convincing evidence. If implicit obedience to the command of the chief was not exacted, the Army would not hold together a single day. And the same childlike confidence he requires in his followers he demands of the public, whom he invites to subscribe the million of money and the thirty thousand a year for which he is now begging. He will give no guarantee for the security of the Trust fund. He will brook no interference or collaboration on the part of other disinterested and experienced workers in charitable enterprise. He appoints himself to be his own trustee, with the absolute control of administering the fund that may be at his disposal, responsible to none but himself, and enforcing his will on a multitude of adoring adherents. The objections we have urged against the methods and customs of Salvationism would be not less weighty were the Booth scheme far less cumbersome, chaotic, and mischievous than it is. There is no reason whatever to suppose that a scheme which some of its supporters declare must neces-



sarily fail if worked under the co-operation of a representative Committee would be triumphantly vindicated under the One-Man rule of the Salvation Army. Like other peculiar institutions, the financing of the Army cannot but inspire reasonable persons with distrust. The pregnant questions put by Professor HUXLEY to Mr. BOOTH demand more explicit answers than the airy reference to the fact that the "General" issues an annual balance-sheet.

The reported resignation of Mr. FRANK SMITH, who has been in charge of what is known as the "Social Reform" wing of the Salvation Army, would appear to confirm the view of Mr. BOOTH's autocratic rule. Mr. SMITH, or Commissioner SMITH, is one of the few officers of the Army, not actually members of the BOOTH family, whose name is known to the public. He is credited with the development of certain practical results of Salvationist enterprise that have succeeded, in some measure, and are yet in working order in the East End. He is, in fact, Mr. BOOTH's right-hand man. If it should prove to be correct that Mr. SMITH has parted from the "General," the faith of those who believe in the "One-Man rule," and in Mr. BOOTH as the One Man, must be robust, indeed, if it remain unshaken. Mr. SMITH's energy and capacity in administrative matters are qualities that should be very valuable to Mr. BOOTH at the present moment. With its wild, impracticable proposals, its purely visionary ideas of theory and practice, the *Darkest England* scheme is in sore need of all the ballast that shrewd, businesslike men—such as Mr. SMITH is supposed to be—can supply. If the man of ideas is abandoned in the critical hour by the man of action and practice, the big bubble is likely to collapse through the inordinate pressure of the gas within it. That Mr. BOOTH will bear no brother near the throne is very certain.

#### LORD BRAMWELL ON HARGAN'S CASE.

LORD BRAMWELL'S criticisms on the commutation of WALTER HARGAN'S sentence are, like all his remarks on questions of that sort, well worth studying; but their force in the present instance is weakened by what appears to be an insufficient acquaintance with the particular facts of the case. We readily concede to him that the act of a man who fires upon others without being actually attacked by them, but only with the view of averting a threatened attack, is, as a general rule, an act which should expose its author to a certain measure of judicial punishment. What that measure should be is a question which admits of an infinite variety of answers—answers, indeed, as many and as various as the shades of culpability through which the act of homicide may pass, from the morally, and almost technically justifiable, to the flagrantly indefensible. People are pretty sure to differ in every case as to the exact position to be assigned in this scale to any given act of homicide; and they do, in fact, thus differ in the case of HARGAN. But we hardly think that many even of those who take the less lenient view of his conduct will agree with Lord BRAMWELL in "doubting whether he would have been too severely punished by his original sentence" of twenty years' penal servitude, "passed by a kind and considerate judge." Surely Lord BRAMWELL himself has never and would never have punished the taking of life, as HARGAN is proved to have taken it, by a sentence usually reserved for cases of homicide only just falling short of murder. His zeal in the defence of Mr. Justice CHARLES'S discretion outruns his own. Extravagances such as we have quoted can only serve to prejudice the minds of those whom he is addressing against the contention which he is endeavouring to make good.

That contention, as we have remarked already, appears to be founded on an imperfect acquaintance with the facts, or at any rate with one of the most important facts of the case. Lord BRAMWELL seems to us to be under a misapprehension alike as to the nature of the deadly little drama he is discussing, and as to the character of the actors in it. He writes as though the incident in which the two men lost their lives was in itself a mere part of the tavern-brawl out of which it arose, and he speaks of the men themselves as "rowdies," apparently under the belief that they were specimens of the ordinary tavern-brawler. Those assumptions, however, are not in accordance with the proved facts. Both the men and their conduct were far more formidable than Lord BRAMWELL apparently believes. They were ruffians of the worst and most dangerous

description, and their manner of following HARGAN—after the original quarrel in the public house was at an end—revealed a deliberation if not a deadliness of intention quite foreign to that of the drunken roysterers for whom their learned apologist seems to have mistaken them. We venture to think that Lord BRAMWELL has not kept himself abreast with the progress of civilization in the district of Kingsland. Otherwise he would be aware that it is, and has for some time been, infested with a sort of "rowdy"—if we may use that comparatively mild expression at all—with whom the ordinary "ruffler" of the street and the tavern-bar would be as unjustly compared as JERRY HAWTHORN with a garrotter. It is not denied that the two men killed belonged to this class; nor is it disputed that HARGAN knew it, at any rate had a well-founded intuition of it, when he fired on them. Nor has it been doubted by any one acquainted with the men, the neighbourhood, and all the other circumstances of the case that if the men had overtaken HARGAN they would have done something much more definite and serious than what Lord BRAMWELL lightly describes as "in some way assaulted him—hustled him, struck him." Lord BRAMWELL closes his letter by the remark that though "the men were rowdies and in the wrong, the same thing might happen when men were not rowdies and not in the wrong, but some one thought they were." The answer to that is, that in the case thus supposed a heavy sentence would not be publicly disapproved.

The strong public disapproval of HARGAN'S sentence was due to the fact, not that he "thought the men were rowdies"—i.e. murderous ruffians from whom his life was in danger—but that he was right.

#### THE LAST FRENCH TRIAL.

THE trial of MICHEL EYRAUD and GABRIELLE BOMPARD for the murder of the process-server GOUFFÉ was conducted as if there had been a deliberate intention to justify the most severe criticisms directed against the French system of criminal procedure by Englishmen. Some of the faults we find with it are apt to remind the impartial hearer of certain famous strictures on the uniforms of the French army. They amount to no more than this: that their method is not ours. It appears more or less ridiculous to us that the relations of a murdered man should be represented by counsel who solemnly assures the jury that the unfortunate man always behaved excellently to his old mother, or his daughters, as the case may be, and ends by demanding one franc damages. But this is a mere question of method. The kind of personal combat which in a French Court goes on between the judge and the prisoner is a matter of taste. Such a piece of dialogue as this is, for example, revolting to us. M. le Président ROBERT taunts the wretched BOMPARD with her "intrigues amoureuses," and is answered "Je n'étais pas heureuse chez mon père; mais je me suis bien conduite chez lui." M. le Président hereupon displays his wit as follows:—"Oh! ce pouvait être des amoureux platoniques, je le veux bien; mais enfin, vous avez eu des intrigues." We suppose the hardest of HER MAJESTY'S justices would as soon think of imitating the style of JEFFREYS, SCROGGS, or BRAXFIELD as of taunting the veriest drab who ever stood before him in this fashion. Still, if the detection and punishment of crime is the main end of justice, it cannot be denied that the French system is admirably efficient when ably worked. Its worst sins are that it allows of indecent theatrical display, and permits of a great deal of loose talk in the witness-box.

In both respects the trial of EYRAUD and BOMPARD has been a scandal. It has, indeed, been so bad as to have shocked the French themselves. The crime for which these two were tried was a particularly bad specimen of the sordid and deliberate brutalities in which French criminals excel. Things as bad are done elsewhere, but not so often, or with quite the same devilish joy in the doing. It was a very plain case, however. Both parties had confessed, and had mutually accused one another. The preliminary inquiry had been exhaustive, and a day would have been enough to dispose of it. The judge allowed it to drag on for seven, and was zealously helped by the Public Prosecutor. The behaviour of all concerned leaves no reasonable doubt that all this waste of time was due to mere wish to make a show and provide a spectacle for the pretty women and the

*personnalités politiques* who crowded into court. For their benefit, and in order that M. QUESNAI DE BEAUREPAIRE, the Procureur-Général, might have an opportunity of making a philosophical and moral harangue, the imbecility which is called hypnotism, and was at different times called witchcraft, the casting of spells, or mesmerism, and which always has been and is *la bêtise humaine*, was dragged into the proceedings. GABRIELLE BOMPARD's counsel, using the fashionable pseudo-scientific cant of the day, argued that his "unfortunate client" had been hypnotized by EYRAUD. Maître HENRI ROBERT was, of course, bound to do the best he could for the woman; and, if he had contrived to save her by availing himself of a popular idiocy, he would have gained a legitimate victory. But it was quite another thing that the Court should have allowed half a dozen doctors to troop in and hold a debate on the vague speculation and sham experiments compendiously called the hypnotic theory, or some such thing. The scandal passed all bounds when Dr. LIÉGEAIS, of Nancy, was allowed to hold forth for hours on his egregious doctrine that when A suggests to B, who is wide awake, that he or she should do twenty consecutive acts, all leading up to the murder of C, and B does them, it is because A has cast a spell on him or her. The PROCUREUR-GÉNÉRAL was eloquent about this precious nonsense, and talked excellently about free will, and necessity, responsibility, social order, floodgates, bases, final perseverance, and reprobation. But, after all, the best criticism on the trash was given by EYRAUD himself, when he sensibly said that, if he could suggest so much to GABRIELLE, he could also suggest to the Governor of the gaol that he should be let out. As compared with Dr. LIÉGEAIS's old wife's tales, the stories of sorcery over which the *malleus maleficarum* shook what MICHELET called his solemn ass's ears, were intelligent and credible. If you only start from the hypothesis that the Devil is busy in the lower world, and has power given him, it is not so very absurd to suppose that he can enable an old woman to put pins in a child's stomach. It is, at least, not so abjectly silly as to account for very commonplace human wickedness by the power of A unhelped by a personal devil to bewitch B. Whereby it appears that the *gobemouche* of to-day is an even greater fool than he of old, and it becomes even more likely that the world is in its dotage. For the rest, let it not be forgotten that there are people here in England who would be glad of Dr. LIÉGEAIS's chance if the Courts would give it, and also that OLIVER, Serjeant, and ROLAND, Q.C., will sometimes turn the place of justice into a cockpit and heckle one another for a show. We see what the end of it all is in France.

#### THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

NOT very many perhaps of those who learnt yesterday of the lamented death of the Archbishop of York will be able to recall the criticisms which attended his successive preferments to Episcopal and Archiepiscopal dignity; and those who do will probably be the first to admit that time has convicted the critics of haste. It was Dr. THOMSON's misfortune to have been singled out for advancement at a time when far higher clerical and academical distinction than his was overshadowed by a single great ecclesiastical reputation; and it is probable enough that any divine, or certainly any Oxford divine, who had passed, and with the same rapidity, through the various stages of episcopal promotion, up to almost the very highest, would have been exposed to much the same kind of remark. If to not quite the same, that would have been due to personal reasons, and not to the mere fact that he was, academically speaking, undistinguished. Still, there is no doubt that the late ARCHBISHOP's lack of early academical distinction did tell against the popularity of his appointment to a much greater extent, no doubt, than would have been the case in these days; and the fact that, curiously enough, he also owed his advancement in some measure to the semi-academical distinction which he earned as the author of a popular, but not profound, philosophical textbook, contributed rather to accentuate the adverse effect of the often-quoted "third class." The general disposition, in fact, was to look upon Dr. THOMSON as a man of inferior parts, who, by ingeniously popularizing the teachings of other men, had contrived to pass them in the race for ecclesiastical preferment.

This opinion, as we have already said, was hasty, and, if it had been final, it would have been wanting in relevance

to the contention in aid of which it was cited. There is really no reason in the nature of things why an acute and profound metaphysician should make a better bishop, or should better deserve a bishopric, than the compiler of an unoriginal, but handy, text-book on a branch of metaphysical science. We may well doubt, indeed, whether Dean MANSEL would have filled an episcopal see with the same success as Dr. THOMSON, and there is little reason to suppose that Bishop WILBERFORCE himself would have made a better, if so good an, Archbishop of York. If Dr. THOMSON was undistinguished, he has a long line of archiepiscopal predecessors—unlike his reverend brethren of the southern province—to keep him in countenance. And, so far as his practical performances of the duties of his office are concerned, the objections urged against the late ARCHBISHOP, in what may be called his ornamental capacity, have here no counterpart. He is admitted to have ruled his See with great discretion, and with an unsparing energy and self-sacrifice—by which his life, indeed, is said to have been shortened—for nearly thirty years, which is a good record, and such a one as may well relieve us from any obligation of retrospective criticism.

#### THE YEAR.

THE end of 1890 has been made so intensely interesting by events of such immense immediate and future importance that the comparatively tame incidents of the beginning seem to have been cast back into a quite distant past. While we are looking to see how long it will take its members to destroy the "United" Irish party, now that the removal of a galling restraint has left the unchanging Irish character free to display itself, it is easy to forget that last January we were speculating on the probability that the folly or obstinacy of Portugal would drive us to the use of force to protect ourselves in Africa. That, however, was the most important question twelve months ago, and it has not been decisively answered even yet. A good deal is involved in the final solution, and a good deal has been connected with the course of the debate hitherto.

At the beginning of the year, then, Major Serpa Pinto was not yet out of the Makololo country, into which he had intruded about the end of 1889. The Portuguese Government, on being asked to recall this "explorer," had endeavoured, in its usual fashion, to answer yes and no, to escape from a difficulty by the use of vague phrases, and to retain its absurd pretension to keep the manger in Africa without taking more trouble than is required to bark from a distance. On the 11th January Her Majesty's Government informed the Portuguese that they had stretched too far the right of a small Power to display an amount of insolence to its superior which no Great Power would permit itself to an equal. The recall of Major Serpa Pinto from the Shiré country was firmly insisted on, and though no direct threats were used, the Portuguese were given to understand that a naval force was collecting in the neighbourhood of Mozambique, under Rear-Admiral Freemantle, and that the Channel Squadron was at hand to blockade the mouth of the Tagus. The answer to this was surrender on the part of the Government, and an explosion of farcical fury on the part of the Portuguese people. Not only the populace, but persons presumably of intelligence and education, screamed like naughty children and scolded like fishwives. Portugal threatened England with a policy of no-intercourse. The windows of the Consulate at Lisbon were smashed, and Her Majesty's Consul at Oporto was challenged to mortal combat by, we believe, a barber. In the meantime, Major Serpa Pinto was recalled, and England waited to see whether, when Portugal had relieved its feelings by upsetting Ministries, contesting elections, and loud, frothy rant, it would accept the inevitable.

While Portugal was still sulking and simmering, the settlement of Africa was being steadily carried on by the Great Powers. Towards the middle of the year rumours began to be common that England and Germany had at last come to a definite understanding as to the terms on which they were to stand to one another in Eastern and Central Africa. In June the terms of this settlement were learnt. Germany had agreed to withdraw from Vitu, at the mouth of and to the east of the Tana river, in favour of the Imperial British East Africa Company, which already held the western bank. Germany also recognized the English protectorate over Zanzibar, and promised England a right of way through her dominions. On the other hand, Germany was recognized as the sovereign of all the coast from Wanga to Cape Delgado, and of all the *hinterland* back to the borders of the Congo Free State—that is to say, her borders run from the coast to the eastern banks of the Lake Victoria Nyanza and Lake Nyassa, and from the head of this lake to the southern end of Tanganyika, and again from the northern end of the lake to the western side of the Victoria Nyanza. England was left in possession of the Stevenson road, which connects Nyassa and Tanganyika. Her right of way from the Southern to the Northern lakes was especially recognized by the treaty. But the arrangement with Germany contained a clause which did a great deal more to arouse public attention than the adjustment of little-known boundaries. England promised to restore to Ger-



many the Island of Heligoland, which she had held since she seized it from the Danes in the heat of the great war. This stipulation aroused a certain amount of protest from persons who honestly believed, or who affected to believe, as the case might be, that the interests and dignity of England were being made subservient to the desire to propitiate Germany at all costs. This outcry attracted little or no attention, and was paralleled rather absurdly by an outcry from the German Colonial party, that the interests and dignity of Germany were being recklessly sacrificed in the blind desire to propitiate England. Mutually destructive criticism of this kind had naturally no effect on the policy of the Governments. The convention was signed on the 1st July; Heligoland was handed over to Germany. Out of this convention there grew another between England and France. The French feel that by the nature of things they are entitled to something whenever a neighbour obtains any kind of advantage. In the present case they had the means of obtaining their equivalent. By the terms of an agreement made during the Second Empire, England and France bound themselves not to establish protectorates over Zanzibar and Madagascar. France had as a matter of fact broken her promise as to Madagascar, but she none the less now insisted on our promise as to Zanzibar, with all that scrupulosity of honour which she seldom fails to show when laying down the law for her neighbours. Fortunately a compromise was easily effected. Each country agreed to recognize and condone the other's action in East Africa. At the same time opportunity was taken to regulate their respective positions on the western side of the continent. England recognized that France was the general protector and prospective owner of all the, as yet, unoccupied territory in North-Western Africa, as far down the Niger as Say, and from there by Socoto to the north of Lake Chad. All the country to the south of this line and north of the German settlement at Camaroon was held to be under the influence of England. This convention recognizes the claim of the French to what they call *le Soudan Français*, and are not the less eager to possess because of the light quality of the soil, of which the Marquess of Salisbury reminded them, to their loudly expressed annoyance.

Having thus far successfully regulated her relations to France and Germany in Africa, England now resumed the attempt to come to an understanding with Portugal. A convention was drawn up by Lord Salisbury and the new Portuguese Ministry by which considerable concessions were made to Portugal on the West coast, and on the East nothing was taken from her which she actually possesses. England, however, secured the recognition of her own position as protector and future possessor of the territories going at the back of the Portuguese coast from our own borders in South Africa up to the German border between Nyassa and Tanganyika. England also insisted on the free navigation of the Zambesi and the possession of the Shiré Valley. The convention granted everything which Portugal could reasonably demand, but no doubt for that very reason it provoked another explosion of patriotic rant at Lisbon. The Ministry which had signed the convention went the road of the Ministry which had saved Portugal from a well-deserved whipping by recalling Major Serpa Pinto. The Major himself had come home and had since been busy in his occupation of firebrand. The new Ministry got out of the difficulty which the Portuguese had created, and will probably continue to create, for their rulers by making a *modus vivendi* with England by which each party was to remain as it stood for six months. Even now the Portuguese contrived to worsen their position by their delays and obstinacy. The *modus vivendi* was only to be binding from the day on which it was signed. While the Portuguese were boggling and dawdling over signing it, the agents of the South Africa Company had pushed into Manicaland, and had there, under what provocation, if any, and in what particular way, are not known, arrested some Portuguese agents. This transaction has come close on the end of the year, and its ultimate consequences cannot be foreseen. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the Premier of the Cape, and also the Chief of the South Africa Company, starts shortly for England, where he will have the less temptation and the less power to follow a provocative policy towards the Portuguese, if he has any wish to do so. In the meantime the enormous superiority of the English colonists in energy and resources is bearing its natural fruit. During the year a successful expedition has been carried into Mashonaland, and with the help of the navy armed vessels have been put on the upper waters of the Zambesi and the Shiré. The attempt to establish a convention with Italy in Africa has failed owing to the difficulty of deciding what is to be done with Kassala, which we cannot well allow the Italians to occupy, and which they decline to consider as beyond their reach, unless it is occupied by Egypt, which, again, is an impossibility just at present. In spite of this quite friendly difference of opinion and the childish contumacy of Portugal, one part of the work of the year has been the division of Africa among the European nations. That it is high time that all parts of Africa should be under the control, or at least the responsible guarantee, of civilized European Powers has been made clear—whatever else has been proved—by the miserable quarrel which has arisen among some of the survivors of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. Of that we do not propose to say anything here, where we are recording matters of fact, and not discussing matters of opinion. We may add that Emin Pasha himself, who, to the rather foolish indignation of some people in this country, had entered the service of the German East Africa Company, has been found totally unmanageable by his own countrymen, and has been dismissed by Major von Wissmann.

It has not been found equally possible to bring to a satisfactory conclusion some colonial difficulties of even older standing than the South African. The Newfoundland fishing difficulty has not advanced one step beyond where it was at the beginning of the year. Her Majesty's Ministers have not discovered how to reconcile the demand of the Newfoundlanders that the French should either cease to give bounties to their fishermen or resign their rights to the French shore, with the determination of the French not to give up their shore right unless they are supplied with bait to be used by fishermen whom the Government helps with a bounty to compete with the Newfoundlanders. The French, whose rights are amply secured by treaty, can afford to wait in the belief that the embarrassment of Her Majesty's Ministers will finally compel them to offer some very serious price indeed for a surrender of the coast rights. The fishing difficulty of the United States in the Behring Sea is also at a stay. The United States still continue to claim those sovereign rights over Behring Sea which they denounced as monstrous when they were advanced by the Russian Government. It has been not the least amusing incident of the year that the United States Government has refused the English offer to refer the dispute to arbitration, unless the whole matter in dispute—to wit, the question of sovereignty—was first conceded by England. It is at least something to have had the absolute uselessness of arbitration practically demonstrated. One of the few things actually done by Parliament during the first Session of this year was to pass a Bill which gave the handful of inhabitants of the enormous territory known as Western Australia powers of self-government and of control over their whole territory not inferior to those possessed by the greatest and oldest of English colonies. In India the indignation of the Mahomedans against a proposal to establish electoral councils—in other words, to put them entirely under the thumb of a numerical majority of Hindoos—has been expressed with a most useful emphasis. It is no matter for surprise, though it may be for regret, that the Hindoos, for their part, have been protesting with no small vigour against a proposal made by some emancipated natives to restrict the historic custom of infant marriage by law.

The Labour question has been of not less general interest to Europe than the African. In all Central and Western Europe there have been strikes and Socialist demonstrations of more or less violent character. In Germany the personal influence of the Emperor has given all the questions which are classed under this name very extraordinary prominence. We ourselves began with strikes in the London Docks, which have gone on more or less all through the year, and at this moment we are suffering from a Railway strike on a very large scale in Scotland. Australia has been the scene of perhaps the greatest, the most obstinate, and we may add the most gratuitous, strike on record. It is to be noted, in fact, that a large majority of these strikes have been gratuitous, in the sense at least that they have been deliberately provoked at the instigation of Trades-Unions, which do not endeavour to conceal their Socialist aims. The object of the wirepullers has avowedly been to obtain control of the market by at once putting pressure on the employers and excluding from work all men who do not belong to their organization. This of course is something very different from the old-fashioned strike of the whole body of workmen for the purpose of obtaining higher pay or shorter hours. A rise in pay and a diminution of work have indeed been commonly demanded, but they have been essentially subordinate objects. The great aim has always been the control of the trade. The strikes undertaken for this object have been of a varying magnitude, and have had varying fortunes. Where the employers have behaved with spirit and foresight they have commonly been beaten. Thus the South Metropolitan Gas Company, which foresaw and prepared to deal with the attack of the Union, defeated its assailants completely. The struggle between the Company and its men, which began at the end of last year, was terminated early in this by a so-called compromise, which was, in fact, a complete surrender on the part of the strikers. The example set by the South Metropolitan Company was followed by the Gas Light and Coke Company, which lights by far the greater part of London. It prepared for a struggle which seemed not unlikely to be forced on it by erecting lodgings within its works, by accumulating masses of coal, and by entering into conditional contracts for labour in all parts of the country. The effect of these measures was seen in summer, when the Union sought and found an opportunity to assure the directors that it had no intention of promoting a strike. The great strike in South Wales, which occurred in August, had not to deal with employers who were equally resolute and well prepared. This movement was started by the servants of the three South Welsh Railway Companies acting in combination with the labourers in the Cardiff and Swansea Docks. The aim of the men was to secure a fixed week's work rather than a direct rise in pay. The London agitators, who have been to the fore in every trade dispute in the South of England during the last two years, were active on this occasion also. The end of the conflict was a victory for the men; but, on the whole, there was less bitterness than there had been in the London strike the previous year, perhaps because there was rather less interference on the part of outsiders. The employers of labour in South Wales and the local leaders of the men combined to sketch out a species of board of arbitration formed of agents from both sides, which is to avoid similar conflicts in future. But this conflict, and the contemporary strike in Australia, had at last convinced employers

that they must be prepared to combine for mutual support if they wished to avoid defeat in succession at the hands of the so-called labour leaders. A Shipping Federation, which is, in fact, a combination of capitalists, has been formed. Its nature, resources, and powers are not very clearly known, but the mere fact of its existence has already had a sobering effect on the Trades-Unions. This influence has been reinforced by others. The Trades-Union Conference held at Liverpool in August ended in an undisguised quarrel between what are called the old and new Unionism. The old, which is mainly supported by the long-established Weavers' Union of the North, declines to commit itself to a support of the favourite dogma of the new—the compulsory Eight Hours Bill. This nostrum has been very popular with the London Unions, and a portion of the mining population. It has received the qualified adhesion of Mr. Gladstone, and the hearty acceptance of politicians on the hunt for votes. A great meeting in support of it was held in Hyde Park in spring. It has not yet, however, been quite universally accepted even by the advanced Radicals. Another check was given to the Labour leaders by the result of the strike at Southampton, which followed the Trades-Union Congress at Liverpool. This also was a purely gratuitous strike, promoted by the Dockers' Union in London to punish the employers who had transferred their business to Southampton, and to warn others against doing the same thing. It was conducted with brutal violence, which the weakness of the local authorities allowed to remain unchecked for a scandalously long time. At last the troops were called in, and order was restored. Then, as the employers refused to be coerced, and the London Union withdrew all support, the strike collapsed. The example set at Southampton had perhaps something to do with encouraging the London Shippers and Dock Companies to revolt, as they did in the course of October and November, against the insufferable tyranny of the Unions. It would appear that the bulk of the labourers themselves were beginning to get somewhat sick of the perpetual hot water in which they were kept by their leaders under pretence of promoting their interests. There has, in any case, been a pretty general submission to the determination of the Companies to rearrange the method of work in the docks, and the Unions have fallen very much into the background. Their quiescence is also no doubt partly due to the discovery made first in the County Court of Bristol, and then at the Winchester Assizes, that the methods of the new Unionism may lead those who practise them to fine or imprisonment. The most telling blow delivered to the agitators has come from Australia. In that colony the Unions deliberately seized upon a pretext—the refusal of shippers to tolerate the formation of a close union of merchant skippers and mates, which would have taken the control of their ships out of their hands—in order to have a trial of strength with capital. The challenge was accepted, and after a long and tough struggle it has been found that public opinion and the sympathy of the independent workmen were not on the side of the unions. An appeal for help was made to London, but the “executive” at home soon discovered that the Australian strike “had been mismanaged”—a discovery it commonly does make when it is called upon for sacrifices in what looks like a losing cause. The result has illustrated both the weakness and the selfishness of Unions, and has shown employers that they have no cause to fear, unless they help the other side by losing heart or endeavouring to profit by one another's misfortunes.

On the Continent Labour quarrels are more intimately connected with politics or Socialism than in England. In Germany the connexion is particularly close, as has been made very clear in the course of this year. At the very beginning of the year the Reichstag was engaged in discussing a Bill which was to renew and make permanent the special legislation against the Socialists. The fortune of the Bill was curious. After being accepted by a majority of the Reichstag, it was suddenly, not exactly rejected, but divided into halves, of which one only was accepted. The Reichstag agreed to make the legislation permanent, but refused to accept the police clauses, which could alone render it effective. Hereupon the Bill was withdrawn, and the Reichstag was dissolved. In the interval between the dissolution and the election the young Emperor suddenly appeared in the character of friend of the people. He published rescripts in which he presented himself as the Father of his people, who would remove their grievances by humane legislation. This attitude was understood not to be agreeable to Prince Bismarck, who about this time resigned the Ministry of Commerce. The result of the elections has been variously interpreted as justifying the Prince's disapproval, or as condemning the Anti-Socialist legislation of late years. It was found that the extreme parties, the Clericals and Socialists, had increased at the expense of the moderate Liberals between them. It was obvious that the Socialists had not been crushed by the special legislation which has now been allowed to lapse entirely. The Emperor has not been cooled in his zeal for the cause of the people as understood by himself. He has made speeches and held congresses, he has promised all kinds of good things, and has threatened shooting as the reward of disorder. The ultimate result of his activity may be easy to estimate, but for the present he would seem to have convinced the German workmen that he means what he says—particularly when he promises to shoot rioters.

The fillip given to the chronic Labour agitation by the young Emperor's restless activity, not to say loquacity, had much to do with the notable May Day demonstration. It struck some of those whose opinion has weight with the working class through-

out Europe that, if all who live by weekly wages were to drop work for a day and march through the streets asserting their right to more money and shorter hours of toil, a great effect might be produced. It may be pretty confidently asserted that the suggestion came from the mainly harmless sentimentalists who think that the nature of things can be modified by appeals to emotion, and partly from the noxious agitators who know that any crowd may breed a riot—a thing which they believe to be in their interest. In the general dulness of politics on the Continent at the time, the proposal was well received. The demonstration, actively puffed beforehand by the press, which had nothing else to talk about, was prepared for by Governments and agitators alike. It turned out to be a very harmless business—harmless, partly because the Governments of the Continent were ready to strike at disorder, and partly because the mass of the working class was not prepared for riot. There were local disturbances in Austria, Spain, and France, but they were of no permanent importance. What seemed at one time capable of becoming a serious agitation has everywhere died down. The German Socialists themselves, in Congress assembled, have decided to work by peaceful means. Some have, like the Scotch Radical, obtained possession of “a coo,” and are therefore proprietors; others were sentimentalists from the beginning; the remainder know that violence is useless.

The final rapid maturing of the “Irish Question” has been the dominating fact of our purely domestic politics for the year. Parliament has run through one Session and has begun another. The first was rendered completely barren by obstruction. It is true that this failure was partly due to an extraordinary error of judgment on the part of the Ministry, which, by bringing in a Bill in the middle of the Session, authorizing County Councils to buy out publicans, most unnecessarily started the whole licensing question. It annoyed its followers and gave the fanatics of the temperance party a great opportunity. But even this would not have ruined its work if the Irish party, who are the real fighting force of obstruction, had not been at hand to help the factiousness of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Gladstone, and Sir William Harcourt. The second Session, which began on the 25th November, has been amazingly industrious. Purchase Bills and Tithe Bill, the failures of the first Session, slightly modified, have been carried into Committee with amazing ease. The explanation of this success is again to be looked for in the “Irish Question.” Since the 25th November, Irish members have had work to do which is even more congenial to them than obstruction at Westminster.

Immediately after the meeting of Parliament in February, the report of the Special Commission was presented. It acquitted the Parnellite members (Parnellite then meant “patriot”) of direct participation in any particular crime, but held them to have been proved guilty of participation in organizations which had a treasonable object, and of “persisting, with knowledge of its effect, in a system which led to crime.” The effects of this finding may be divided into the immediate and the ultimate. At first the Separatists loudly professed themselves satisfied. As, however, it began to dawn on them that the judges had found their Irish allies guilty of treasonable views, and the encouragement of criminal methods, the Separatists thought fit to modify their opinion. They endeavoured in the course of many weary days of wrangle, in Parliament and out of it, to discredit the Commission. In the meantime their Irish allies proceeded to act on the rule laid down by English Separatists, that criminal and treasonable methods are becoming to an Irish patriot. They applied the Plan of Campaign to the estate of Mr. Smith Barry at Tipperary to punish him for help given to another and most unjustly-attacked Irish landlord. When their dupes were evicted they lavished resources, mostly received from America, on the formation of a collection of shanties dignified by the name of New Tipperary. They promoted riots in their mushroom town. They abused the Bishop of Limerick, who, speaking in the spirit and the letter of a Papal Rescript, denounced the application of the Plan of Campaign to the Massareene estate, first in Parliament, and then in his own cathedral town. A lively interchange of abuse took place between the Bishop, Dr. O'Dwyer, and Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien. These two orators and a few others went about Ireland inciting to violence, in an apparently well-justified reliance on the readiness of the whole Separatist party to condone the use of any methods by an Irish patriot. When the firebrands were arrested and brought to trial in the autumn, another riot was promoted at Tipperary for the benefit of Mr. Morley, who thought fit to be present. Quibbling, disorder in court, insolence to the magistrates, counter-charges against the police, every resource of chicanery and mendacity, were freely used to make a sensational case out of the Tipperary trial. When it appeared that Government was not to be frightened, Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon took the heroic course of breaking their bail and flying to America, where they were to go a-begging for the Nationalist cause. During all this time a succession of bye-elections seemed to prove that English Separatists had accepted all the consequences of an alliance with Irishmen.

But it was not so. On the 13th November the Divorce Court gave its verdict on the long-delayed O'Shea case. It then turned out that Mr. Parnell had been the hero of a rather exceptionally base story of adultery. The first effects of the verdict were stupefaction among the English Separatists, and loud asseverations from the Irish party that it did not matter. Next the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes and the Purity League began to mutter and to



howl. Treason they could tolerate and encouragement of murder, but not breach of the seventh commandment. But still the Irish party was firm, and Mr. Gladstone was silent. Then Parliament met, and Mr. Parnell was re-elected chairman with absolutely frantic professions of devotion. Then Mr. Gladstone announced that, unless the wicked man denounced by the Rev. Price Hughes retired, his own leadership would become a mere form. Hereupon there took place something which can hardly be told in prose. What a candid "Anti-Parnellite" member (the party sprang up at the word of Mr. Price Hughes, conveyed by his speaking-trumpet, Mr. Gladstone) called the hundred hatreds which had accumulated against the beloved leader burst forth. They found a pretext in Mr. Gladstone's letter. Headed by Mr. Healy, who passed with delightful rapidity from greasy praise to vulgar insult, a majority of the Irish members endeavoured to tear Mr. Parnell from the seat to which they had just elected him. But he would not go. It will be the pleasing duty of the historian of the future to describe the fight he made; how he answered Mr. Gladstone by revealing the compromising confidences made at Hawarden; how he committed his opponents to demanding from the English politician what that politician dare not for the life of him promise; how, when answer came there none, he triumphed; how he rebuked insult by greater insult; how he used and abused his position as chairman; how he drove the majority of his party to slink off before they could formally depose him; how he appealed to the Irish people, and after magnificently burlesquing Mr. Gladstone's railway-carriage oratory, transferred the fight to Kilkenny. In that constituency the death of Mr. Marum had left a vacancy for which Sir John Pope Hennessy was standing, with the approval of Mr. Parnell. He decided to side with the majority of the Irish members, and was at once attacked by the "late leader." By the strenuous efforts of the clergy he has been returned. The details are too fresh to need repeating. It is enough to record the essential fact. Irish patriotism has torn off the beggarly garment of decency of a kind it so unseasily wore to deceive the English Separatist, and is at home again fighting in the old style with blackthorn and blackguard epithet. Wherever the Irish race is, it is divided, and the English Separatist looks on astounded at the revelation.

The one event in Continental politics which has profoundly interested the whole civilized world has been the retirement, or—as he persisted in calling it himself—the dismissal of Prince Bismarck. In spite of the more than effusive affection habitually displayed towards him in words by the young Emperor, it had been doubted from the first whether the great Minister would be able to work for long with a master who was obviously resolved to be master in fact as well as in form. These doubts gained strength when the Prince resigned the Ministry of Commerce in February, and they were fully confirmed when he retired, or was driven from all his offices, in March. As might have been expected, the gossips of Europe were busy for long in explaining the why, and the how, of events of which they could know little. The Prince talked more to the gossips than was quite consistent with his dignity, but he told them nothing, and as his anger cooled down, or his good sense revived, he has returned to the practice of silence. What the world does know is that the old steward could not get on with the new squire. The actual point on which they quarrelled was in all probability a mere test case, and of no importance in itself. As for the young emperor, he has been very busy ever since riding about his estate, talking to all conditions of men about all manner of subjects, and visiting his friends from Portsmouth to St. Petersburg. He has surrounded himself with an entirely new body of servants, and has dallied much with Tory Democracy. The world is not quite sure whether he is a feather-headed young man or only an energetic one who is still fermenting. His follies have been as yet confined to words, and in them he is incontinent; but he has done nothing to disturb those relations between the Great Powers which maintain the peace of Europe—such as it is. The Czar is resolutely peaceful, and is, indeed, sufficiently occupied in stamping out the ever-recurring Nihilist plots which are hatched for the most part abroad. In Austria, the Emperor has been occupied restraining the different races of his variegated Empire from carrying their quarrels too far. In the Balkan Peninsula, Servia has continued to be disturbed by the pertinacity with which Queen Natalie revenges her wrongs as a wife and pleads her rights as a mother, making both subserve her patriotism as a Russian. In Bulgaria a conspiracy was discovered in June, which was headed by Major Panitz, and was, or professed to be, encouraged by Russia. The Major was shot, and his resolute opponent, Stambouloff, has since not only obtained a majority at a general election, but, what was more difficult, has induced the Porte to recognize a separate Bulgarian Patriarchate in Macedonia, as a set-off to the refusal to recognise Prince Ferdinand. The unfortunate Porte has been punished for its sins, real and imaginary, and for its very real weakness, by revolts in Crete, disorders in Armenia, Russian intrigues, and foreign bullying. In Italy, Signor Crispi obtained a crushing majority in the autumn elections, and has since been engaged in teaching it to obey orders. In France, Boulangerism has apparently withered away to nothing, and the most notable event of the year, at least the most commented on, has been the escapade of the Duc d'Orleans. The young Prince suddenly invaded France in the spring, claiming his right to serve the Republic, which his family wish to replace, in the capacity of common

soldier. He was sent to prison, and then let out. All the Boulangerists, properly and improperly so called, have been briskly telling discreditable stories of one another. There has been a change of Ministry in Spain, where the Queen Regent, apparently with the general approval of the country, has decided that Señor Sagasta had been Premier long enough, and that Señor Cánovas ought to have a turn. Portugal has been raging against England and relieving its feelings by upsetting Ministries. In Holland, the death of the King has brought the direct male line of the House of Orange Nassau to an end. It is a curious example of the persistence of some families that his death has again supplied the very ancient House of Nassau with a State in Luxemburg, a male fief, which does not pass to the young Queen of Holland.

The internal politics of the United States have been made exceptionally interesting by the passing of the McKinley Bill, which was intended to exclude as much foreign produce as possible from the union. The immediate effect of the Bill has been to raise prices all round, and it has signally failed to serve the Republican party which passed it by the use of coercive measures in Congress more drastic than any habitually employed in the most dependent Legislative Chamber of the Old World. In the elections of the autumn the Republicans were beaten all along the line. Commotions, of which the origin is obscure, have occurred among the remnants of the Red Men in Dakota. Of these the most remarkable incident has been the killing of the famous Sioux chief, Sitting Bull, who had been arrested by the Indian police, and was shot in the course of an attempted rescue. In South America the scandalous financial dishonesty of the Argentine Government led to an outbreak of rabid fighting in Buenos Ayres in July. The President, Dr. Celman, was expelled, and then came back, resigned and revoked his resignation, and was finally prevailed upon to go away. The Argentine street-fighting, or rather the financial folly which supplied a pretext, had consequences in London which were disastrous to the banking house of Baring, and, but for the vigorous action of the Bank of England, might have been disastrous to the whole business community. The Barings had loaded themselves with Argentine securities which they could not place, and in the earlier days of November were compelled to appeal for help to the Bank of England, and other bankers. The help was given, in the form of a guarantee. Bullion was bought from the French, who were unspcakably proud at having it to sell; but the house of Baring, the only one which ranked with the Jews, had to be reconstituted. Its disaster gave a shock to the trading community of the world, which was in its way a triumph for South America. The turbulence of the Republics of that continent is not commonly so important to the universe.

The anarchical tendency which was visible in the actions of so many classes of workmen extended this year to the very servants of the State. The telegraph clerks, the postmen, the police, and even six companies of one battalion of Her Majesty's Guards, were guilty of indiscipline—and all in the one month of June. It really appeared as if a disease of insubordination, which had been latent for some time, came to a crisis at that date. The telegraph clerks announced their intention to cease working. Some of the postmen actually did strike, and even adopted the most approved methods of the union picket. The 2nd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards suddenly refused to appear on parade. The postmen battered one another. Happily the "crisis" shocked not only governing persons, but the community at large, into a sense of the gravity of this disorder. The Guards were sent off to Bermuda, and the oldest soldiers in each of the six misbehaving companies sentenced to longish terms of imprisonment, afterwards prematurely cut down to a few months. The police discontent, to which exceptional importance was given by the theatrical resignation of the Chief Commissioner, Mr. Monro, was based on grievances as to pension and pay. The pension grievance, which was genuine, was removed by Act of Parliament. The pay grievance was alleged only by the younger men, of whom a few actually went to the length of open mutiny. With these the new Commissioner, Sir E. Bradford, dealt resolutely, and the disorder disappeared almost as quickly as it had arisen. Mr. Raikes was equally firm with the postmen. Summary dismissals brought them to their senses, and they, too, have since done their duty quietly. The telegraph clerks were apparently warned by examples, and no more has been heard of their threats. Perhaps all these disorders have done some good, by showing what comes of maudlin encouragement of disorder.

The obituary of 1890 has been extraordinarily long—so long that we shall not do more here than name the more famous of those who have already been named, and judged in our weekly Obituary. The Church of Rome in England has lost Cardinal Newman, the first in fame of the Englishmen who have died in this year. On the Continent Dr. Dollinger died in January. The Church of England has suffered severely by the loss of Dr. Lightfoot, the Bishop of Durham, of the Archbishop of York, Dean Church, and Canon Liddon. Among the Non-conformists the best-known name was that of Dr. Nathan Adler, the religious head of the Jews in England. We do not exactly know how to class Mrs. Booth. Dr. Mackay, the missionary, there is no need to attempt to class. Lady Rosebery, Mrs. Peel, wife of the Speaker, and Miss Lydia Becker were all three ladies known by their rank or character. Colonel Yule should be named first among those who have been lost to literature, and next to him Sir Richard Burton. Less famous, but

honourable, English names in literature and in journalism were those of Mr. Thorold Rogers, Mr. Duffield, Mr. C. Gibbon, Sir E. Baines, Mr. G. Hooper, and Mr. Waugh, the Lancashire poet. M. Chatrian, M. de Pontmartin, M. Belot, and M. Alphonse Karr have died in France. Lord Carnarvon was the most eminent of English politicians who have died within the year. Messrs. Baxter and Craig Sellar were Scots of note, and Mr. Jas. Biggar and Matthew Harris were well-known persons. Sir Lewis Mallet was rather a Government servant than a politician. Count Andrassy and Count Karolyi, Hungarians of ability, have been lost to the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The Duke of Aosta and the Duc de Montpensier had played strange contemporary parts in the confused politics of Spain. The King of Holland and the Sultan of Zanzibar, rulers of the two most opposite types of the human race, have died in the year. The most prominent artist to be named here was Sir E. Boehm. Miss Mari- anne North had rendered artistic service to science. M. Lami was a veteran French artist. M. Naudin and Señor Gayarré had been singers of fame. Among lawyers we have to mention Mr. Justice Manisty, Baron Huddleston, Sir Barnes Peacock, Mr. Saunders, the police magistrate; and in Ireland, Baron Dowse and Mr. O'Hagan. Among soldiers the only name of the first rank to be mentioned is that of Lord Napier of Magdala; but Sir Howard Elphinstone, who was accidentally drowned, was an officer who had done good service. Among Englishmen of note for their personal qualities who have died in 1890 were Sir George Burns, founder of the Cunard line; Mr. James Nasmyth, of the Hammer; Mr. Mudie; and Lord Tollemahe, a model of the great landlords who are the beneficent rulers of a whole countryside. The list may close with the name of the Sioux chief, Sitting Bull, who would certainly have rejoiced to scalp every man or woman named in it.

## JANE.

THERE are certain set subjects for farce which may be likened to the keys in which musical compositions are written. When the dominant has been struck we know precisely what chords to expect. One of these subjects is the farcical history of a man who represents some one else's wife as his own; and this is the familiar plot utilized by Mr. Harry Nicholls, the Drury Lane comedian, and Mr. W. Lestocq, in their more or less new piece *Jane*, now being given at the Comedy Theatre. The plot is generally understood by the critics to be taken from the well-exploited little play, *Prête-moi ta femme*, and though the authors deny knowledge of this actual piece, they are evidently very well acquainted with the story; but it goes much further back than the French composition named. We want a theatrical Dunlop to trace the History of Stage Fiction as that industrious student traced the history of fiction in books. This ingenious and entertaining writer showed that a very considerable number of more modern stories were variations from *Boccaccio*, and, furthermore, that the author of the *Decameron* had borrowed most of his materials from earlier sources which were not original. In the way of fiction it is, in truth, difficult to say who really invented anything. It would not be very reasonable, therefore, whenever a quasi-new play is produced, to complain that something like it has been seen before. All we can hope for is that a piece shall not be so worn as to have ceased to be amusing; we may look for some novelty of treatment in old tales; and in these respects *Jane* passes muster, our complaint against it being the unnecessary coarseness of some of the dialogue. We do not desire that all dramatic work should be composed in a spirit of apprehension lest the young girl in the dress-circle should be shocked, the more so because equivocal lines would probably for the most part convey no meaning to her; but we always regret to hear speeches which provoke a titter or a laugh that cannot be attributed to their intrinsic wit, and it would be well if the Examiner of Plays visited theatres where appeals of the sort are made to audiences, when a piece has been running for a few nights. As a rule, a play is licensed, and there the Examiner's responsibility ends; but it may be that the piece as licensed is not strictly followed; indeed, there are few comic plays, except the very carefully considered books of Mr. W. S. Gilbert and other quite exceptional works, that have not additions made to them in the course of the first few weeks. It very frequently happens, again, that lines which do not strike the reader acquire a new significance when spoken on the stage—nay, more than this, lines which are spoken at rehearsal and passed unnoticed are often accepted by audiences as containing a suggestion that has not occurred to author or actors.

The circumstances which induce Mr. Shakleton's servant William to permit his bride of an hour to pass herself off as Shakleton's wife are natural enough to farce. Shakleton has represented to his guardian, Mr. Kershaw, that the drain upon his purse arises from the demands of an extravagant wife. Mr. Kershaw feels it his duty to visit London and affectionately expostulate with the lady—who has, however, no existence. William is credited by his master with the accomplishment of being "a gifted liar," but his invention quite fails him in this strait. Shakleton does not know that his man and his maid have just been married, or that they were on the way to matrimony. Jane, as she is called, is neat and trim, speaks well enough to disarm suspicion of her actual status, and enters into the fun of the thing the more readily as, not only arrears of wages, but a prospective bribe of 200*l.*, are the rewards she is to have for dressing in fine clothes,

living luxuriously, and assuming the airs of a lady. William's inducement to silence is the hope of gain, united to a fear of disobeying his imperious little wife; but all the time the pangs of jealousy are at his heart, and jealousy is one of the chief items of the stock-in-trade of those who write or play farce. The piece is acted by the four characters principally concerned with remarkable adroitness and humour. Mr. Charles Hawtreys is the Shakleton, Mr. Charles Brookfield the William, Mr. Kemble the amiable old guardian Mr. Kershaw, and Miss Lottie Venne the maid; a quartet that could scarcely be improved upon. Mr. Hawtreys's style is peculiarly his own, his strong point being the apparently absolute unconsciousness of the humour he develops. The bland air with which he endeavours to explain away the contradictions and suspicions to which his deception has given rise is really comedy of a high order. The guilelessness of his smile seems to grow as he gets more deeply involved in difficulties; for, besides a wife, he is presently called upon to produce a child, and then a second child, concerning whom it has to be explained how he can have been to school and taken away several prizes at the early age of two. Mr. Hawtreys's quiet method evolves humour out of the slightest materials, the reading of his correspondence—or, rather, the opening of his letters—for instance. We do not hear much of them, and they are all in the same strain. "Sir,—Unless —," and that is enough; he knows the rest, and puts down the document to open the next, and read, "Sir,—We are very much surprised —." It is the same thing in other words; and the third runs, "Sir,—We shall be much obliged —." There is not much variety in the correspondence of creditors, but they manage to express themselves quite clearly. William was apparently designed by the author for the conventional comic servant of farce, but it need scarcely be said that in Mr. Brookfield's hands the part is refined and elevated. He is an extremely well-bred servant, a model valet, whose feelings, however, surge beneath the calm exterior. The little study is full of neat touches, and becomes an example of what artistic method and appreciation can do with inferior material. Miss Venne has, perhaps, never been better suited, for the breadth of style which usually marks her performance is to the point in the character of the provoked chambermaid; and Mr. Kemble is a model of the good-natured genial old gentleman from the country. Master R. Saker plays a boy in Shakleton's service with remarkable intelligence and unexaggerated sense of fun. The lad is the son of a very capable comedian, and inherits capacity from his mother also; before her marriage Mrs. Saker, then Miss O'Berne, played with success in the original cast of Mr. Gilbert's *Wedding March*. *Jane* is a most amusing farce, marred only by the coarse lines which we have reprehended.

## SIR CHARLES DILKE ON DEFENCE EXPENDITURE.

SIR CHARLES DILKE some days ago read before the Royal Statistical Society a singularly able paper on Defence Expenditure, which must provoke serious thought on the part of all those who cannot, in the excitement of the game of politics, completely forget that more than purely personal stakes are involved in its ultimate issue. Budgets and estimates were not originally invented merely to offer opportunities for clever jugglery of figures, nor is it their sole end and object to hoodwink and puzzle the taxpayer, even though a minute inspection of their details might occasionally seem to point to that conclusion. As regards our navy there is not much the matter. A careful analysis, such as Sir Charles Dilke has furnished us with, will show that, if we do spend more than other nations in this respect, we get our value pound for pound, and, according to some authorities, even obtain more for our money than our neighbours. But with the army it is very different. There is, we fear, an undefined feeling of unreality about all our efforts even when we seem determined to "make a demonstration," and matters are never pushed to their logical conclusions because everybody secretly flatters himself that the true test of excellence—war—will never have to be faced on a large scale. No doubt it is an extremely difficult matter to compare the expenditure on armies organized on such widely different bases as are ours and those of Continental nations. The "free-born" Briton is not yet prepared to face conscription, and, on the whole, does not object very strongly to pay for his immunity. The exigencies of a vast colonial empire entail expenses on us of which as yet no other nation has any idea, and we cannot escape from some other drains on our purse unless we see our way to altering the whole scale of living which both officers and men in this country have been brought up to. We are all of us prepared for extra expense, and no one we believe would complain if he were satisfied that our army was as efficient as possible as far as it went, and ready for an emergency, even if such a state of preparation were costly. The total expenditure on the army, out of taxes, in the year, in the case of the United Kingdom, was last year, according to Sir Charles Dilke, 16½ millions, and in India the same, or 33 millions sterling (34 millions in the present year), besides the expenditure out of loans, and that of the self-governing colonies, for the armies of the British Empire. The colonies altogether spend for themselves about 1,500,000*l.* a year for army purposes, in addition to the contributions



made by some of them towards the Imperial forces, and towards marine defence.

While the armies of the British Empire cost about 35½ millions sterling a year, the German army costs about 33½ millions sterling, and the French army a little over 28 millions. Our armies cost us, therefore, considerably more than theirs; but while each of these Powers would have in the field on the twenty-first day of mobilization over two millions of men with between 3,000 and 4,000 guns, and behind this vast force a large garrison and territorial army in reserve, we could altogether muster but 850,000 men from all the resources at our command. But the ingenuous Briton will retort that, though our forces are small, they are of exceptional quality; that one Englishman is equal to two Frenchmen, that one volunteer is as good as two pressed men, and so on—*und so weiter*, &c. &c. Not so. The two million active German or French troops, of whom we have just spoken, are "pretty much the same all through"—that is to say, they are of uniform quality, even if it be granted that their standard be not as high as ours. Our muster-roll, on the contrary, is built up from the most heterogeneous sources, and the quality, when the training and education of the soldier are considered, if in some cases high, is in others deplorable. The total we arrive at is made up of 137,000 regular troops, excellent though deficient in some particulars, which we shall have occasion later on to point out; 50,000 to 55,000 1st class Army Reserve, useful but not periodically drilled, as is the reserve of every Continental army; 2,000 2nd class Army Reserve, hardly worth counting; 113,000 Militia, who may be said to be about half their officers; 3,000 Channel Islands Militia; about 1,000 Malta and St. Helena Militia; 11,000 Yeomanry; 224,000 Volunteers; 74,000 regulars in India (undoubtedly a splendid force); 68,000 good native troops in India; 56,000 bad native troops; and 21,000 of what Sir Charles Dilke terms "odds and ends." In other words, the figures we can produce include everything we can possibly term a soldier, from a guardsman to a native policeman. They include some regiments of Indian infantry which are recognized even by ourselves as worthless, and whom we from time to time disband as such. They include the St. Helena Militia, and the Royal Irish Constabulary, who, however efficient in their own sphere, would, probably, be so occupied in it that they can hardly be considered available to fight a foreigner. But, more than this, not only is our force thus variable and sometimes unsatisfactory as regards the quality of its component parts, but it is singularly badly proportioned as regards the arms of which it is composed. If there is one thing which recent experiments have established more than another, and upon which there is complete unanimity of opinion amongst military men, it is this—that modern armies should in future campaigns be remarkably well furnished with both cavalry and artillery. Infantry will be unable to face modern musketry unless they are well supported by guns, and have the way of their attack prepared for them by artillery fire. A thick veil of horsemen will shroud the movements of a modern army from its opponent, and an army which has not a strong force of cavalry, both to gain information for it, and to ward off its opponents' scouts, will be at the mercy of a better-informed antagonist. It will neither be able to see nor remain unseen. Yet how do we find that our attenuated levies are furnished with these necessary adjuncts? Contemptibly so, it seems, as regards artillery. We have but a nominal 600 guns all told, against from 2,000 to 4,000 belonging to the Powers that may oppose us; and of these we could not place above 320 in the field! Not only have we an absurdly small number of batteries; but we propose on an outbreak of hostilities to reduce them by fourteen in order to make up ammunition columns! That is to say, we organize, equip, and educate a scientific body of men in order that they may, on an outbreak of hostilities, be equal to the duties which Pickford's or Carter Paterson's draymen daily perform in our streets! The Germans on the 1st of October last added to their artillery almost as many guns as we have in the whole world, and Roumania and Switzerland can each of them put into the field about as many guns as can the British Empire. Nor when we come to analyse our cavalry returns are matters more reassuring. We have only 12,000 horses to mount 19,000 troopers both in India and at home together! It is apparent, even if it were not so from the experiences of last autumn, from these figures that our cavalry cannot be so highly trained as they should be, nor, in fact, have our cavalry ever been as well drilled as some of the squadrons they have been opposed to. Individually good horsemen, taken together they were inferior to the French, and we cannot therefore lay the "flattering unction to our souls" that their quality will make up for their quantity. In exposing our weakness as he has done, Sir Charles Dilke is no mere pessimist without a suggestion as to how matters may be remedied. If he has told us our fallings-off with brutal frankness, he has done so with an unerring precision and ability that is suggestive of power to remedy our defects, and he is able to quote the experiences of 1870 to point his moral. It was complete organization and readiness for war that then won the day for the Germans, and ruined armies of "splendid courage and perfect training." With our comparatively small forces we should, under a more judicious system, have less difficulty in being ready than our neighbours. It is easier to equip a company than a battalion, and a regiment than an army corps. As it is, however, we cannot make one battery ready for the field without disintegrating three, and the richest country in the

world cannot afford to hold manœuvres at which her future generals might learn to handle the commands they would in war have control of, although every other nation insists on its leaders having adequate training in the art of modern war.

#### THE LAST CHRISTMAS DAY UNDER THE RUMP PARLIAMENT.

ON the Christmas Day of 1652, which fell upon a Saturday, the Rump of the Long Parliament was fast nearing its end. The majority of its members, however, thought themselves to be as firmly established as the Royalist wit feared them to be when he nicknamed them "the Perpetual Parliament." Their war against the sister Calvinist Republic of Holland filled all minds. The Dutch had made themselves "masters of the narrow seas," and had plundered the English coasts. The autumnal victories of Sir George Ayscough, Blake, and Penn had been followed by the great winter disaster of the Goodwin Sands, a month before Christmas. Van Tromp kept his Dutch Christmas Day (old style, ten days earlier than the English) in sight of Dover, as master of the Channel, with his defiant besom at his masthead, spending the 500*l.* sent to him by the grateful Dutch States as a Christmas gift, according to the *Moderate Intelligencer* for December 29, upon "all the varieties which could possibly be had." "The Dutch fleet," said a Dover letter of December 20, "consisting of 160 saile, ply up and down between Dover and Callice." Disheartening reports came to London three days before Christmas that the Dutch had entered Portsmouth Harbour and fired two ships, and that Hull and other Northern ports were blocked. The coal ships could not get up the Thames; there was a terror of a dearth of coals in London; and the price rose alarmingly, and there were fierce attacks upon the greedy "ingrossers of coal," the "rings" of that age.

At so desperate a crisis the Rump Parliament was tempted to be careless about its former cherished functions as Summus Episcopus and supreme head of English religion. The Independent preacher of Westminster Abbey, William Strong, complained of the growing laxity, under which, he said, "Popery is lifting up its head," and "swarms of priests are in every corner." The main anxiety of the Council of State and the Parliament was how to find money and seamen to carry on their difficult contest for the naval supremacy of England, in which, through their great generals-at-sea—Ayscough, Blake, Dean, Monk, and others—they in the next year so splendidly succeeded.

The fanatics were resolved, however, that the spiritual war against the popish and prelatical Antichrist, which they fancied to be the chief business of the Parliament, should not be neglected on account of the carnal war against the Protestant Hollander. On Christmas Eve a Remonstrance and Petition against Christmas was presented to Parliament. It had been the great glory of this Parliament, said the petitioners, that it had "put down the Mass by the Supreme Authority," and it was its present duty not to backslide, but to see that no one in England should "keep Christ's-mass, falsely so-called, for it is Antichrist's Masse." They forewarned the legislators that "to-morrow (Christmas Day) it will appear that there are many Antichrists," and that the nation still has in it many "more Papists besides Roman Catholics." The petitioners therefore added two comical new reasons, inspired by the anti-Dutch *Zeitgeist*, to the old stock puritanical reasons against the keeping of Christmas. First, although the Hollanders seem to be good Calvinists and Protestants, there is still one point in which they are Popish and anti-Christian; "they keep their Christmas Day more solemnly than the Lord's Day." It was no slight comfort to the casuistical Puritan mind to be assured that the new Dutch foes of England, like her old Spanish foes, were a kind of Papists, or, as the petitioners expressed it, "mass-mongers." The only difference between the Dutch and the English malignants is "the difference between the Old Style and the New, the Hollanders observing their Christmas Day ten days before the English." The second new argument against keeping Christmas Day in England is that it is not only as anti-Christian as it always was, but is now also anti-national. It is a Dutch practice, and surely no true English patriot will imitate "our enemies the Hollanders." The remonstrants humbly begged, "That the honourable House would not adjourn, but sit to-morrow and all the idol-days called Christmas," and that they would "decree that no Christmas Day be allowed for the future to be set in Almanacks or observed, that the names of Idols (or Saints' days) may be no more in remembrance throughout the dominions of the Commonwealth of England."

Men of undoubted puritanical piety, amongst others the eminent State chaplain, Hugh Peters, had been taunted with having eaten "minced pies" on the last Christmas Day. The petitioners to Parliament seem to have recollected this accusation, for they ended their petition by conceding a sort of licence to the legislators to enjoy an old-fashioned dinner on Christmas Day. "It is within your Honours' liberty," said they, "that if any one bid you to a feast, and ye be disposed to go, you may eat that which is set before you (though it should be roast beef, plum pottage, or mince pies) asking no questions for conscience sake." Nevertheless, they thought it would be much safer for a member of Parliament to abstain from any of these meats offered to idols, since it is a matter of "experience" that "whilst mass-mongers

feed their bodies with Antichrist mass-pies, they famish their souls, and perish eternally."

The House did not need any such reminder. On the previous day, December 23, the Rump had already anticipated the "humble desires" of its petitioners by ordering, "That all markets in London and Westminster be kept on Saturday next, vulgarly called Christmas Day." Orders were also sent to the Lord Mayor, the sheriffs of London and Middlesex, the justices of the peace, and other officers, "to see that there be no wrong done to those that shall open their shops on that day," and "to see also that there be no observance of Christmas Day, nor any solemnity used or exercised in the churches." The House spent the remainder of the day in debates upon the state of the Navy, and continued at the same urgent business through the greater part of the next day, Christmas Eve. After receiving the humble remonstrance of "the well-affected," however, they sent out a second notice to the Lord Mayor and sheriffs, requiring them "to see that the order be duly observed within the late Lines of Communication and Weekly Bills of Mortality." They also ordered the Committee of Whitehall to take care "that the shops in Westminster Hall be kept open to-morrow." They may have heard that these few shopkeepers were plotting to take a holiday, an indulgence which their masters would not allow themselves, for before closing their day's work on Christmas Eve, they passed a resolution, "That the House do sit to-morrow, notwithstanding the former order."

The Council of State and the House both sat on Christmas Day. The business of the former seems to have been slight. There are only two entries in the Calendar of the "day's proceedings," both concerning the navy. First, the Council received Robert Blackborne's account of the moneys assigned by Parliament out of the excise, customs, prize goods, the seizure of delinquents' estates, and monthly assessments, towards navy expenses. Next, they were troubled over a letter from the Mayor of Poole, which was a specimen of many like letters from other mayors of seaport towns at this crisis. He complained of his difficulties in carrying out the Council's order for the impressment of seamen; he had been ordered to press sixty-six, but had only succeeded in pressing thirty, whom he had sent to Portsmouth, and he promised to do his best to raise the remainder. "But they absent themselves," he wrote, "and many do not appear after having received the State's money."

The first business in Parliament on Christmas Day was the grant of a sum of 500*l.* to "Sir George Ascue" (Ayscough) in "reparation for his losses," and "300*l.* per annum of lands in Ireland to him and his heirs, as a token of remembrance to him for his faithful service to the Commonwealth." Many will remember Carlyle's picture of this fine old English admiral, who made the home in Surrey, to which he retired after Cromwell set himself up as Protector, as far as he could, "like a ship at sea." He had gained his great victory over the Hollanders in the preceding August. In the summer of the following year, after Cromwell's dissolution of the Rump, when Blake was too ill to go to sea, and Dean was dead, all men's thoughts turned to Ayscough. "But Sir G. Ascue," as one of Clarendon's newsmen wrote from London, "has extraordinary power with the seamen," who were notably loyal at heart to the exiled national King, "and Cromwell cannot trust him."

The next Parliamentary concern on the Christmas Day of 1652 was the completion of its excellent "Articles of War for the Sea Service," on which it had already spent two days in debate, and now ordered to be printed and published. "Article I." required that "all commanders shall endeavour that Almighty God be solemnly and reverently served in their respective ships; all profaneness and irreligiosity avoided; preaching and praying, and other religious duties, be exercised and duly frequented, and the Lord's Day religiously observed." "Article II." dealt with the morals of the seamen. It was proposed that the wages of able seamen, "fit for the helm and lead top and yard," should be raised from 19*s.* to 24*s.* a month, "whereof one shilling to be paid to the minister and surgeon as formerly." Although the members of the Rump were "voting estates to themselves," as John Lilburn told them, out of the lands of the ejected bishops and deans and chapters, and were in this very year selling the very lead of the cathedrals to procure money for their navy expenses, they proposed this queer economical way of endowing religion and surgery in the fleet. The last business in the House on Christmas Day must have seemed appropriate to the Cavalier joker who said that by their orders on Christmas Eve they had encouraged the service of Mammon and prohibited the service of God. "On December 25, commonly called Christmas Day," says the *Flying Eagle*, a new Republican paper which had been started during the month, "the Parliament took into their serious consideration the business of Trade, and referred it to the Council of State to consider of some rules for the more secure managing of Trade."

The oppressed English commons paid as little regard as in former years to the orders of the oligarchy which called itself "the Supreme Authority of the Commonwealth of England." They merely yielded a sullen obedience to the tyrannical force which the conscience of the nation looked upon as illegal. The "reptile press" of the Rump complained bitterly of the rebellious temper which had been exhibited by the common people on Christmas Day. The *Flying Eagle* had "expected that all honest-minded and harmless Christians, who desire peace, would submit to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake." "One

would have thought to have seen a new change," said the same paper on January 1, 1653. "But it was as rare a thing to see a shop open as to see a phoenix." It was a cause of gratitude to see that, although the Parliament had been disobeyed as to the shops, it had been obeyed as to the London churches. "Paul's, the mother-church, and all her daughters, languished without the old and usual mirth of bells, bellows, and bagpipes." Sir Thomas Gower, in a letter from London on December 28, says that only two shopkeepers had the courage to obey the State and affront the people, by "endeavouring to take away the esteem held of Christmas Day, and one of them had better have given 50*l.* his wares were so dirtied." The State's order for the closing of the churches was more readily obeyed, for they were in the hands of the Nonconformist and Separatist preachers intruded upon the parishes by the Parliamentary "Summus Episcopus," who were only too glad to keep them shut. The Chapel of Lincoln's Inn was the sole place in London in which service was held and a sermon preached on Christmas Day 1652. The solitary exemption was partly due to the great place and power held by the lawyers in the Rump Republic, and partly to the eminence of the preacher of Lincoln's Inn. The post had been held by Archbishop Usher since 1647, who still signed himself "Jo. Armachanus." The letters of Johann Buxtorf of Basel to the deprived Primate of Ireland in the winter of 1652-1653 show that he was then living at the Countess of Peterborough's house in Long Acre. The renown of the prelate as a scholar in every University and Court of Christendom was so great that the anti-prelatical State dared not disgrace itself in the eyes of Europe by expelling the aged archbishop from his preachership.

Outside the churches, in the families of the nation, as the *Flying Eagle* complained, the day was "as highly kept as any Christmas Day this seven years." The pious Evelyn says in his Diary, "No church being permitted to be open, so observed it at home. The next day we went to Lewisham, where an honest divine (Abraham Colfe, the founder of the Free Grammar School) preached." Meanwhile, although other places of business were closed, the inns and alehouses were open. "Taverns and tapsters," said the Parliamentary newspaper, "had all the customs; Bacchus bearing the bell amongst the people, as if neither Customs nor Excise were any burthen to them, nor the Monthly Assessments of 720,000*l.* which began this 25 of December, vulgarly called Christmas." The apostolical counsel was reversed. As the Rump Parliament would not allow the Londoners to sing and make melody in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, they made themselves drunk with wine wherein is excess. The *Punch* of the day, the *Mercurius Democritus*, in its number for Christmas week, exhorted the despondent English folk to "welcome Christmas with more spiced ale." Its weekly poet sang:—

A little mirth will re-create  
Our dull and leaden souls,  
In spite of cross disastrous Fate,  
Give us more cheer in bowls.

At their celebration of Christmas Day in the taverns they predicted with glee the coming downfall of the Long Parliament, and drank healths to the nation's King in exile in Paris, whose return for the liberation of his people they sanguinely expected as the result of the fall of the Rump, and not a few then believed that Cromwell, as the known enemy of the Rump, would bring home their King. They sang in 1652:—

Old Christmas now is come to town,  
He laughs to see them going down  
That have put down his Lord.  
Cheer up, sad hearts; crown Christmas bowls;  
Banish dull grief and sorrow.  
Though you want cloaths, you have rich souls,  
The *SUN* may shine to-morrow.

The proofs of the popular hatred to the so-called "Commonwealth," which had been so evident on Christmas Day all over London, moved the suspicious rulers to a fresh attack upon the Christian liberty of the people. Three days after Christmas the extraordinary caucus of fanatics and Church plunderers by which the Rump Parliament exercised its supreme episcopate, and which was its organ for examining, instituting, and depriving its "public preachers"—the so-called "Honourable Committee for Plundered Ministers"—was "instructed (1) to put into execution the Ordinance for Abolishing the Observance of Holy-days; (2) to give protection and due encouragement unto all persons that shall follow the lawful callings on the several days commonly called Christmas; (3) to proceed to the punishment of all disturbers; and (4) to take and suppress the reading of the late Book of Common Prayer abolished by Parliament." Order was also sent to the Lord Mayor on Innocents' Day to suppress the offending national liturgy, and "to certify his doings in these premises to the Committee."

That the feast was observed in remote parts of the country, as in other years, is evident from the testimony of the anonymous author of *A Vindication of Christmas*, published in 1653. He represents "Old Christmas" as going about the land, "in love to them that hate him," begging them with a double meaning "to reverence and yield obedience to that bright Star of Majesty who sacrificed His life as a martyr for the freedom of His people." He said that he found his "best and freest welcome in Devonshire, with some country farmers," and describes the feasting, the "drinking warm lambe-wool," dancing, and games of "the poor labouring hinds, and maid-servants, with the plow-boys, who had



little or no sport at all till I came amongst them." He mentions, in his list of Christmas games, "Hot Cocks" and "Shooting the Wild Mare," but complains that the "high and mighty Christmas ale, that would formerly knock down Hercules," had been miserably "thinned" by "a blow received from Westminster, a tetter and ringworm called Excise."

#### THE BUSINESS YEAR.

THE year 1890 will long be memorable for the collapse of the greatest English financial and merchant banking house that has ever existed. All over the continent of America the prestige of Messrs. Baring Brothers was hardly second to that of the Bank of England, and in Europe bankers thought they never could hold enough of Messrs. Baring's bills. Although it was notorious that for some time past they had been doing a risky business, even to the very end the most pessimist did not fear a complete breakdown; yet the firm is at present being wound up. The difficulties of Messrs. Baring Brothers originated in their giving too much credit to the Argentine Republic and to Uruguay. For some years previously they brought out too many loans and Companies for those States. And they had not contented themselves with doing business for a commission; often they bought outright the loans and the Companies, trusting to their own influence with investors to sell for higher prices. At last investors refused to buy, and Messrs. Baring were left with a vast mass of securities, which were utterly unsaleable, and which were constantly depreciating. For the two Republics had not contented themselves with borrowing overmuch in Europe. They had also issued too much paper money, and they had lent too freely upon the security of land. More especially was this the case with the Argentine Republic. Even in 1889 the crisis had begun there, and the paper had greatly depreciated. The crisis became worse and worse as the present year advanced, and the depreciation more utter. Credit soon disappeared, failures in immense numbers occurred, and prices fell ruinously. Then political disturbance aggravated the crisis, and of course increased the depreciation. The new Government very soon after its installation was obliged to admit publicly in Congress that the provinces and municipalities were insolvent, and that it would itself have to assume their liabilities. It had also to acknowledge that the National Bank and the two mortgage banks were in the same plight. And, finally, it had to confess that it would be unable to pay the interest on its own debt, unless it obtained a new loan in Europe. Seeing all this, Messrs. Baring Brothers endeavoured to prepare for what was coming by selling everything they held for which there was a market, thereby driving down prices, involving speculators in terrible losses, and very nearly bringing on panic. In spite of all, however, they were at last compelled to apply to the Bank of England for help. As a first precaution the Bank obtained a loan of three millions sterling in gold from the Bank of France, and a further sum of 1½ millions from the Imperial Bank of Russia. Then the Bank on looking into Messrs. Baring's affairs found them such that it asked for a guarantee against loss from the other banks. They responded readily and liberally, and a guarantee fund of 15 or 16 millions was soon formed. The announcement of this was made officially on a Saturday morning. And instantly the banks and discount-houses began to call in loans both from the Discount Market and the Stock Exchange. On the following Wednesday the result was such universal alarm that it looked as if a panic almost unprecedented in intensity was inevitable. The Governor of the Bank of England, however, averted it by calling together the managers of the joint-stock and private banks, and inducing them to give accommodation to their customers. Extreme alarm then subsided, and for a few days there was a wild speculation upon the Stock Exchange. But it was speedily checked by a crisis in New York.

In the United States there had for some years been too much railway building, and too much wild speculation. This year importers, under the influence of the McKinley Tariff, bought European goods far in excess of the demand, and speculators likewise, under the influence of the Silver Act, bought silver beyond their means. There was thus a very dangerous state of things, and a crisis was precipitated by the discredit of bills drawn upon London resulting from the Baring catastrophe. Panic was averted as it had been in London by a combination of the banks in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. In each of the three cities, the banks which could not pay cash were relieved by the issue of Clearing-house certificates, which were accepted by the solvent banks in settlement of differences. And about a million sterling in gold was also obtained from London. It seemed only too likely that Germany would suffer from the crisis here and in America, as there also there was a large lock-up of capital and a very wild speculation, and as besides German banks were largely interested in Argentine securities, and still more largely in American. But, though there is discredit and uneasiness, the slow crisis through which the country has been passing all the year has not become acute. The bankers, however, whose capital is largely locked up, have of late been selling Italian Rentes in very considerable quantities in Paris to relieve themselves, and there are other signs of increasing difficulties. One of these is the heavy fall in Russian rouble notes, which seems to show that Russian trade is suffering seriously from two bad harvests in succession, and there may, therefore, be difficulties in Russia. France, on the other hand, has so far not been much affected. Money has remained cheap and

the Bourse confident. But France has her own difficulties, especially those connected with Spanish and Portuguese finance. The Portuguese Government owed to Messrs. Baring 800,000*l.*, and, when pressed for repayment, was unable to find the funds in London. And, of course, it has not the means either of paying the January interest on the debt. But it has just been announced that a Paris Syndicate will advance three millions sterling to tide it over for the present. Spanish finance is equally embarrassed, and in Italy there is a fresh crisis.

Trade has borne these adverse influences wonderfully well. Employment is still abundant, wages are high, and the volume of business is large; but there is no room for doubt that a check has been given. In the money market the consequences were felt more immediately. Indeed money in London has been dearer and scarcer throughout the year than for a long time past. On the second last day of 1889 the Bank of England raised its rate of discount from 5 to 6 per cent., and kept it so till the 20th of February, when it was put down to 5 per cent. By gradual steps it fell to 3 per cent. on the 17th of April. But it was again raised to 4 per cent. on the 26th of June, and to 5 per cent. on the last day of July. It was once more put down to 4 per cent. on the 21st of August, but only to be raised again to 5 per cent. on the 25th of September. And it was advanced to 6 per cent. on the 7th of November, going down once again to 5 per cent. on December 4. Thus the rate has been 6 per cent. twice, the two periods comprising about ten weeks, 5 per cent. four times, 4 per cent. three times, and 3 per cent. only once. At times, however, when the rate was nominally 6 per cent., the Bank of England was charging all but its regular customers 6½ and 7 per cent., and was charging as much as 8 per cent. for loans. Really, then, we have had for a while a 7 per cent. rate, though not avowedly, and the rate would have been even higher still, were it not for the extraordinary measures taken to obtain gold from the State banks of France and Russia. In New York the rate of discount has frequently ranged from 6 to 10 per cent. In the interior it has been still higher, and often accommodation could not be got on any conditions, while in New York, again, the interest rate on one occasion has been as high as 180 per cent. In Berlin the Imperial Bank rate of discount has for over two months been 5½ per cent., and its rate of interest 6½ per cent. But in Paris the Bank of France has kept its rate at 3 per cent. all through the year. In silver there has been a great rise, a sharp fall, and another advance in consequence of the passing of the Silver Act by the American Congress, and the prospect of further legislation. The lowest price of the year was in February, 43½*d.* per ounce, and the highest in the beginning of September, 54½*d.* per ounce, a rise of over 25 per cent. Since September the price has been as low as 45*d.*, and as high as 49½*d.*

Except for about six weeks in April and May the course of prices on the Stock Exchange has been generally downwards, and for several months together there was a continuous and ruinous fall. In January and February markets were quiet and uninteresting. Then preparations for the conversion of the Egyptian Preference Loan led to a general advance in the foreign departments. The introduction of the Silver Bill in the American Congress in April caused a mad speculation in American railroad securities, and in silver securities, which lasted till nearly the end of May. After that the increasing gravity of the Argentine crisis led to a sharp fall in most departments. There was a slight recovery in August, and a ruinous fall from September till November. The heaviest fall was, of course, in Argentine Cédulas, and in a few Argentine industrial securities; but there is nearly as heavy a fall in American railroad securities. And Consols, which were as high as 98½ in May, fell to 93½ in November, a fall of about 5½ per cent. The losses to capitalists interested in Argentine finance, to speculators, and to members of the Stock Exchange, were enormous. At one settlement no fewer than eight members of the Stock Exchange were declared defaulters, and a larger number still had to be helped. Three or four outside houses had to make arrangements with their creditors, and a very large number of houses of high standing were much talked about. At one time, indeed, rumours were so plentiful that few houses escaped being talked of. And during the first three or four days after it became known that Messrs. Baring had to apply to the Bank of England there were serious fears of a run on some of the banks. Home railway stocks, in spite of all this, were not nearly as much affected as beforehand might have been expected, and owing to the extraordinary confidence of the great operators in Paris, there was but a very slight decline in inter-Bourse securities.

The new issues during the year were few. The business had been entirely overdone during the preceding four or five years, the greater issuing houses were not in a position to increase their commitments, and investors did not care to take more new and unproved securities. Perhaps the most interesting issue of the year was the conversion, first, of the Egyptian Preference Debt and, secondly, of the Daira Loan. The latter was somewhat mismanaged. It was brought out at an unfavourable time, and the old holders did not generally convert. But the Preference Conversion was successful. It was carried through before the shadow of the Baring catastrophe fell upon the market. The old Five per Cent. Bonds were converted into new Three and a Half at a price which yielded the holder a little under 4 per cent. In other words, if this conversion is a test, the credit of Egypt is now good enough to borrow at 4 per cent.

## TRUANT DOGS.

IT is curious that during the course of the controversy which has raged with greater or less persistency round the muzzling order ever since it came into force, but little sympathy has been expressed for those unfortunate dog-owners who, through no fault of their own, and indeed in spite of all their endeavours to abide by the law, have found themselves treated as law-breakers. Yet surely never were men in harder case. We refer to the owners of those wayward and wandering dogs which, in spite of all precautions, persist in escaping from their homes on every opportunity to exercise themselves in the streets and parks, alone, and of course unmuzzled; for we can feel no sympathy with the misguided people who wilfully break the law, however bad in their opinion that law may be. The system by which the muzzling orders are enforced in the case of the owners of truant dogs is most needlessly offensive, especially when we consider that offenders of this class invariably inform against themselves, either by having their names and addresses engraved on their dogs' collars, or by applying at the nearest police-station when they find that their animals are missing. The authorities, however, are not slow to act on the information thus gratuitously provided, and a summons to appear at the police-court of the district is sure to follow; which summons, at all events from the layman's point of view, can only be considered as a ponderous official practical joke; for, in the first place, it purports to be the result of an information laid by one John Trenchard Tennant, who by no possibility can have any personal knowledge of the matter in hand; and, secondly—and herein lies the main point of the joke—it calls upon the offender "to answer to the said information," when, as will be seen hereafter, no answer is allowed. On attending, in obedience to the summons, the unlucky defendant, after waiting probably for half an hour, at the least, in the very unsavoury surroundings of a metropolitan police-court, is called to answer the charge that he "did permit a dog to be at large in a public place, the same not being muzzled," &c., when he begins to appreciate the heinousness of his offence as he finds himself standing in front of the dock, and, apparently, in charge of a policeman, who tells him to "listen to the magistrate." The "constable in charge of the case" is then called, and proves the finding and capture of the dog "at large and unmuzzled"—a fact which the defendant, having, as we have said, practically informed against himself, has not the least intention of denying. The defendant probably thinks that he will now be allowed to answer the charge and explain that the offence was committed against his will, and was the act of a refractory, though irresponsible, being which had defied all his efforts at restraint. But this is not in the programme, and any attempt at eloquence on his part is cut short with the remark "Do you admit the dog was at large?" or words to that effect, and on his replying in the affirmative a fine, plus 2s., the cost of the summons, is promptly imposed, and—the most offensive part of the whole unpleasant performance—with a rough "This way" from the officer of the court, he is marched out to pay his fine to the gaoler, exactly as if he had been convicted as a "drunk and disorderly" person. The process is practically the same in all the police-courts of the metropolis, the only variation being in the amount of the fine imposed, which appears to be governed by no rule, each magistrate acting according to his own sweet will—a fact which is rather hard on the prosecuted dog-owner, as he is thus unable to prepare himself with the exact amount required for fine and costs. This being so, any system, however foolish and illogical it may appear to men of common understanding, should be welcomed as a relief; and we are therefore pleased to announce that Mr. Hannay, who disposes of numberless "dog cases" at Marlborough Street Police-Court, has evolved a system. This, like so much else in this world of ours, is by no means perfect, and may even be considered as slightly illogical; still, it is a system, and therefore we feel bound to give it, at all events, a qualified approval. It consists in imposing a fine according to the size of the dog; 5s. for a little dog, and 10s. for a large one. So far so good, and the respective owners of, for example, a pug and a retriever may know their fate and prepare their fines before they go to the court; but the owners of dogs of middle size are still left in doubt, and so do not benefit by the system. We would therefore suggest that the principle should be carried to its logical end, if, indeed, it can be said to possess one; and that a table of weights be prepared according to which fines should be imposed. Surely, however, a fixed sum might be imposed as a fine to be paid by the owners of truant dogs at the police-station before their property is returned to them. This would avoid the present offensive and irritating system of prosecution, and would relieve police magistrates of a vast amount of additional and, doubtless, very unpleasant work.

## THE ROSE AND THE RING.

THE dramatic version of that nursery classic *The Rose and the Ring*, last Saturday, was certainly a very entertaining spectacle, and ought to be one of the most attractive of the Christmas shows. Mr. Savile Clarke, whose delightful rendering of *Alice* is still fresh in our minds, is certainly to be congratulated on his share

of the performance. It was natural that Mr. Savile Clarke should have wished to incorporate as much of the original text as possible; but the piece might have been more effective if the dialogue had been cast in couplets. Most of the songs and lyrics were quite in the spirit of the story, where the author had nothing to guide him; indeed, he was more Thackerayan when he was compelled to depart from Thackeray. Of mounting and stage management—for which the brothers Harris are responsible—much might be said, with some pertinent remarks on the decline of pantomime generally. Nevertheless the scenery was fine; the ballets were well arranged, though none of the dancing was remarkable. The pictorial effect was somewhat marred by the unfortunate association of children and adults on so small a stage. Except in the case of Hoggins or Hedzoff, where the grotesque element was properly present, the spectacle seemed out of proportion. Capable as Miss Violet Cameron always is, she was not at her ease as Prince Giglio. Miss Attalie Claire and Miss Maud Holland did very well as Betsinda and Angelica respectively. Mr. Harry Monkhouse played Valoroso. His make-up was not very comic, and he did not seem to appreciate the delightful humour of his soliloquy in the first act. A comic king is a time-honoured convention of pantomime, and not a very difficult part. The best piece of acting came from Mr. Le Hay as Prince Bulbo. He was made up exactly like the well-known sketches of Thackeray, and he seemed the only player who interpreted the spirit of the original. His excellence made the deficiencies of the others more glaring. Jenkins Gruffanuff, whose transformation into a knocker is very ingenious, was a faithful representation of his portrait as we know it. The introduction into the first act of the beggar child was superfluous, though it gave the clever little Miss Empsie Bowman a good opportunity. In the original the child is Betsinda, and there is no authority for making her afterwards become a general in King Padella's army. The music of Mr. Walter Slaughter was tuneful and appropriate; the fact that it sounded in places rather familiar is not a serious objection. The solo, "Take off the ring," well rendered by Miss Violet Cameron, was especially pretty. The mounting was marked by the elaboration which is characteristic of Mr. Augustus Harris's productions of whatever kind.

## FIGURE-SKATING.

MR. MONIER WILLIAMS, who is the accepted English authority on figure-skating because nobody else has essayed to write such a serious book about it, is a well-meaning and industrious man; but it is not within his power to excel the talents of finite intellect. He penned his monograph at a time when England had not had a continuous fortnight on the ice for two or three years. He travelled, that is to say, from memory and in the abstract. The consequences are that *Combined Figure-Skating* convinces you that there is an entertaining art to be learned, and that in seeking to learn it from Mr. Williams you feel bewildered. His instructions perplex you as the acrobatic performance of a Canadian skater perplexes the man who never witnessed "the poetry of motion" on the ice before. Varying the figure, we might say that they leave you in a vacuous prostration akin to that of the seeker after egotism who has for two mortal hours been assisting at the Positivist devotions. Now, we neither blame Mr. Williams nor deride him. Where is the intuitive genius who could adequately expound the versatility of conscience which is the glory of modern Liberalism if Mr. Gladstone had made no pronouncement for a year? If Mr. Williams took pen in hand now, he would, we vouch, write a quite satisfactory exposition of the pastime. England has had ice for a fortnight; and if the subject were assailed by Mr. Williams hot from the Round Pond, we might have figure-skating clearly spread out before us, not in a tangle resembling that of the brave youth who performs the Vine before he comprehends the Outside Edge.

The Outside Edge is the beginning and the end of figure-skating. Unhappily, only one in a hundred acrobats of the English ice understand how the Outside Edge is to be properly administered. Every man and mother's son among the ninety-nine rush at it like the Bull of Bashan. The bovine energy is speedily degraded. (We speak in the calm language of physical science.) It upsets the system, especially in the region of the thighs; it sends a sawing through the ice, which is poor treatment of the gifts of nature; and it fills the poetry of motion with false quantities. The Outside Edge should be begun without violence. Figure-skating is a matter of balance, not of force. It is not easier for Herr Sandow to skate figures well than it is for a slender girl of seventeen. The impetus should be from pose of the body, not from the effort of the muscles. What the mathematician calls the "elements" being equal, a fairy or a jockey should skate as gracefully as a giant. There are two other principles to be remembered by him who would make the English figure attractive when on the outside edge. They are in flat contradiction to principles of ordinary calisthenics. One of them is that the figure-skater must be hentoed. He must remember that he is not at the bidding of a drill-sergeant or of a dancing-master. Both the drill-sergeant and the dancing-master command him to point his toes outwards. The skating-master whom the County Council will be appointing soon will tell him to turn his toes, one at a time, as he uses his



limbs, inwards. That is for the reasons, which are not obvious only because the ninety-nine figure-skaters reckon not what they are about, that the circular curve is to be outward, and that the laws of dynamics will coerce him on to the inside edge if, as naturally happens when he strikes off with his foot prepared for the goose step, the point of application of the force is on the inside. Let it be clearly understood that the force of which we speak is derived from a continual and imperceptible righting of destroyed equilibrium. Force derived from dabbling the toe of the other skate into the ice is in figure-skating not less incongruous than moral suasion at the inspiration of a Kilkenny blackthorn. Then, before the drill-sergeant and before the dancing-master you are erect, with a tendency towards having an acute angle in the rear. On the ice, excepting in the movements on the Outside Edge backwards, you should be constantly leaning forward.

Whosoever doubts our doctrine of inertia in figure-skating is invited to observe the Cross Cut. It is not probable that there are ten men in London who can "do" that figure; but it can be done, and even made into a startling variety of the Dutch Roll. The Cross Cut is quarter of a circle on the outside edge forwards, a sudden stop, a straight stroke backwards, a sudden stop, and quarter of a circle as at the beginning, all without the other skate touching the ice. It must be obvious that, there being no external impetus after the start, that figure is altogether a matter of equilibrium. Apart from the first stroke, it involves four destructions of equilibrium and four rightings, all of which are mainly the work of the leg which seems to be unemployed. We say "mainly the work" advisedly. Although the swaying of the left leg when the right skate is making the Cross Cut seems to do the deed unaided, all the other parts of the body are severally and jointly engaged in producing the figure. In proper skating the arms and the head are constantly contributing to the destruction and the righting of equilibrium. Indeed, the whole body has to act in such mechanical harmony that a lady with a muff, or with a hat eccentric in its gravity, is irritatingly handicapped in her effort to rival the graceful nymph from Canada. Equally attired, she has only to remember our simple principles of No Violence and of Hen Toe in order to make the Outside Edge really the poetry of motion. Having attained that excellence, she will be perfect in our eyes; for the only positively graceful thing in skating is the Outside Edge in tranquillity. If, to be perfect in her own eyes, she must needs make Vines, Roses, Flying Mercuries, and Cross Cuts, she will be surprised to find that they all quite easily, without exertion, spring from the Outside Edge thoroughly controlled.

## REVIEWS.

### OVER THE TEACUPS.\*

"THE readers who take up this volume may recollect a series of conversations held many years ago over the breakfast-table, and reported for their more or less profitable entertainment." They may, and most of them will; and therefore this volume will hardly find a strictly just reviewer. For the only way to arrive at the measure of its absolute merit as literature would be to criticize it as if the Autocrat, the Professor, and the Poet had not preceded the moderator of the tea-table who now appears, by a sort of reversion to his earlier habit, as the Dictator. That is the one thing which we, whom those predecessors delighted in our youth, can never do. We are driven back upon the commonplaces which a veteran writer's late-born continuation of himself inevitably suggests, and which lead to nothing but irrelevant objections and barren rejoinder. Since we cannot forget them or banish them, let us have them out forthwith and clear our mind of them, or rather the two minds which must be in every reader afflicted with a fairly long memory. What have we here? cries Mr. Captious.—More pleasant talk from an old friend, says Mr. Likewell.—So, so! says Mr. Captious; yes, an old friend certainly; Dr. Holmes of Boston; yes, yes, a very good friend, a very well-known friend. At a table? yes, I thought so. Talking to a circle? and they answer to make him talk? and say now and then the things he does not choose to take on himself? quite so. A tea-table this time? tea-cups, afternoon tea? moralizing on the difference between tea-cups and breakfast-cups? and an eccentric personage, a tea-cup with a crack in him? Yes, I see. Poems thrown in at intervals; poems like the old ones, very like; talk very like.—And pray why not, protests Mr. Likewell, if the old talk and the old poems were good?—Mighty well, persists Mr. Captious, it may be pretty enough, but when all is done 'tis nothing in the world but variations on the old tune.—Variations, indeed! rejoins Mr. Likewell (something warmly by this time), and who should have a good right to make variations if not the first inventor of the tune? And as for your smart young men who must be trying new instruments, what would any of them give if they could play variations half so good on the Professor's old fiddle, or on any other instrument?—That is not criticism, grumbles Mr. Captious,

silenced, but not convinced. And, since it is a matter of temper and not of reason, there is no doing judgment between them.

But Dr. Holmes is a cunning man. He began this series of papers, indeed, by deprecating comparison of himself with himself; which we venture to think was a mistake. For it was asking of his older readers a thing beyond their power; and as for the younger ones, there was no occasion to put it into their heads. A little way on, however, Dr. Holmes thinks better of it, and discounts Mr. Captious once for all. "Tea-cups are not coffee-cups"; but that does not prevent them from being good things in their way. Let Mr. Likewell enjoy his second cup in peace, and his third if he will. The British reader may need to be reminded that large coffee-cups are essential to a New England breakfast. Two cups of coffee at breakfast were the nearest approach to a vice that Emerson allowed himself; for the eating of pie, again in the sense of New England, not of Old England, counts among the minor points of social virtue. Certainly there is pretty gossip over Dr. Holmes's tea-cups, and some of it on topics which few have touched with success. Imaginary voyages to the planets, for example, have been done and overdone in late years, and it might safely be said that this earth does not want any more of them. And yet one of these tea-table folk has found something new and quaint in a flight to Saturn. The Saturnians are a mortally dull people, their atmosphere being nitrogen, and lead their only metal. They are rigorous Socialists, and of course have no trade or currency. Twenty per cent. of them, or thereabouts, suffer from chronic dislocation of the lower jaw, brought on by excessive yawning. Suicide is one of their amusements; the other is to get drunk at the scanty springs of oxygen which occur in some parts of the planet. This dream will fail to amuse some well-meaning people, as also will a little story later in the book in which a native New Englander administers first a knocking down, and then a homily, to a German and an Irish Knight of Labour. "I tell you what it is, I'm a free and independent American citizen, and I an't a-goin' to hev no man tyrannize over me, if he does call himself by one o' them noble-men's titles. Ef I can't work jes' as I choose, fur folks that wants me to work fur 'em and that I want to work fur, I might jes' as well go to Sibery and done with it." Whereby it appears that, if Dr. O. W. Holmes is a lesser poet than Mr. William Morris, he is a wiser citizen.

In the matter of poetry and modern letters there are some critical pages up and down this volume to set a reader thinking, or perhaps contradicting. We need hardly pause to say that Dr. Holmes would doubtless take it much amiss if any one offered to treat him as exempt from contradiction on the ground of his venerable years. Nothing, we suspect, would please him better than a rattling controversy. He smiles as a benevolent man, but he must inwardly sigh as an author, when he thinks of the increased tolerance, or what is called large-mindedness, of these latter days. It was so easy to shock the good neighbours when the Autocrat held the chair at the breakfast-table, and now they take everything as a matter of course. We will not risk offending the Dictator by too much submissiveness, and therefore we will dispute his opinion concerning rhyme. According to Dr. Holmes, "rhymes are iron fetters," and "the inexorable demands of our scanty English rhyming vocabulary" make it all but impossible to write verse naturally. Now Dr. Holmes is paradoxical in good company, in no less a poet than Milton's. But the opinion is a paradox notwithstanding. First, rhyme was mercifully ordained as a check on reckless versification. It is true that there is a great deal of bad verse in spite of the fetters of rhyme; but it is nothing to what there would be without them. And, if the constraint of English verse seems a hard thing to Dr. Holmes, we wonder what he says to the French rules? Secondly, the necessities of rhyme may prevent a man from saying a thing in the natural way; but they also may and often do force him to develop his ideas better than he would have done otherwise. The so-called fetters are in such cases rather guides, and would be more fitly likened to the embankments which, by confining a wandering and insignificant stream within certain limits, make it both useful and comely. Well-turned rhymes impart a certain distinction of manner which will carry off matter in itself slender. We may put the defence in the form of a dilemma. No great poet was ever seriously hampered by rhyme, and a good many minor poets have been saved by it. As a matter of fact, there has been nothing to prevent English poets from finding a substitute for rhyme if they could, and they have not done so. Such experiments as have been made in English hexameters and the like have commanded but moderate success at best, and our regular blank verse remains, by the consent of all competent persons, one of the most difficult metres in any language to handle with real effect.

Dr. Holmes is, however, the best witness against himself. He mentions in another place the one serious attempt to throw off the fetters that has been made in his own land, that of Walt Whitman, or Mr. Whitman, as Dr. Holmes punctiliously calls him. With a splendid inconsistency worthy of the heyday of youth, Dr. Holmes will have nothing whatever to say to Walt Whitman's *numeri lege soluti*. "Lawless independence" is the mildest of his terms. Evidently he thinks, not only that Walt Whitman has not achieved his quest, but that it is all in the wrong direction. In short, you may grumble at the fetters, but it is a crime if you try to dance without them. Apparently Dr. Holmes will not concede any real poetical faculty at all to Walt Whitman. Doubtless Whitman has written a great deal of bad prose cut into lengths, as Wordsworth did. And doubtless he

\* *Over the Teacups*. By the Author of "The Autocrat at the Breakfast-Table." London: Sampson Low & Co. (Lim.) 1890.

has written many things carelessly, in bad taste, in defiance of elementary rules of language—as Byron did with far less excuse. But there is poetry, and great poetry, in the “Memories of President Lincoln,” or we do not know what poetry is. The truth is that Dr. Holmes is an Academician at heart. It comes out still more in his discourse about French writers. He speaks of “Flaubert and Zola” as if they were exactly alike, and finds—of all things in the world to find in *Madame Bovary*—reprehensible excess of “the honey of sensuous description.” We may remark, by the way, that *Madame Bovary* is not the whole of Flaubert, nor, to our mind, the best. Perhaps Dr. Holmes’s judgment would be modified (no, Mr. Captious, he is not so young and headstrong as to be ashamed of changing his mind on good cause) if he read and considered Flaubert’s letters.

Another point in which Dr. Holmes may be thought more or less than human is that he likes writing verses with a stylographic pen. For our part we have always thought the proper function of a stylographic pen was to make notes and correct proofs in a train, provided that one does not mind losing it now and then. Dr. Holmes does not take this last contingency into account. But as to Dr. Holmes’s newest verses themselves, with whatever sort of instrument written, we protest we think some of them as pretty as any of his earlier ones. Let the reader look out the lines “To the eleven Ladies who presented me with a silver lovingcup,” and see if he does not agree with us.

## NOVELS.\*

A NOVEL by Mr. W. E. Norris is pretty certain to be clever and amusing, and whoso takes up *Marcia* in expectation of finding a story as good in its way as its forerunners from the same hand will assuredly not be disappointed. The story is long, and moreover is not free from the *longueurs* which even a short story may have. Besides this, the author makes the experiment, seldom successful, of transferring the interest from one generation to the following. We begin with a girl heroine, Marcia, and we end with a boy hero, her son. There is a total absence of sensational incident, and not the least touch of emotional extravagance. What we have in *Marcia* is a bit of domestic history as it really exists, brief biographies of life-like persons, a little drama narrated as well as acted, with the author as the witty chorus, who tells us what cannot be represented on the scene. It has the charm of actuality, which is what most people mean when they say they like realism. Marcia is a brilliant young beauty who makes a mistake in her marriage, perhaps the least probable event in Mr. Norris’s novel, though the commonest of occurrences in the world. That Mr. Brett should want to marry Marcia is quite likely. That Marcia, young, handsome, well off, and with a heart which no sensations but her own can touch, should consent to marry Mr. Brett is less explicable. But herein, also, lies the author’s knowledge of the world. Who can explain marriages? Not the people themselves who make them. Marcia’s gradual deterioration in the unfostering atmosphere of her home, the way in which her selfishness enlarges itself to take in her boy and her lover Archdale without diminishing its quality of narrow egotism, and her final degradation into utter meanness, are admirably portrayed. Then, just when the amusement to be got out of Mr. and Mrs. Archdale is beginning to finish, we are presented with the fresh figures of Lady Evelyn and Willie Brett. These are the children of the two girls we have seen in the first chapter in all the delight of their first ball. Evelyn is not exactly a girl *fin de siècle*, but she is *enfant du siècle*. Willie is one of the most difficult characters to present on paper with success. He is simple, unselfish, and noble, without a trace of the prig. He is shy, and not a cub; frank, and not a boor. He is a most amusing contrast and complement to Evelyn, and of course they fall in love. All this is a long story to tell; but it does not seem long to read. The buoyancy of style and freshness of tone carry the reader unfatigued to the end. No moral is forced on the reader, and perhaps none is intended; but there is a wholesome lesson in the lives of Marcia and her friend Laura. Or would be, perhaps, if selfish people had it in their power to make themselves unselfish.

Mr. Val Prinsep undertook a difficult task when he proposed to himself to write yet another story on the much-handled theme of the French Revolution. *Virginie* is, indeed, “a tale of one hundred years ago,” for it begins in 1789 and leaves off about the close of the century, when Bonaparte was First Consul. The author has, it will be seen, taken a canvas of heroic size, for he paints no particular phase of the years of Terror, nor selects any minor chain of events, but gives a long panoramic view of the revolutionary movement, from the distracted scenes in the States-General at Versailles till the spasm of calm

which greeted the earliest days of the Republic under the First Consulship. Of course the number of figures which pass and re-pass before the view in a novel with this range can be little more than names; but they are names, almost all of them, which recall identities. When we are looking at Mr. Prinsep’s page we can recollect Carlyle’s. Then there is interwoven with public events a charming love-story, which holds them together and preserves its interest to the end. *Virginie*, the sweet and serene, is the daughter of an innkeeper, who is also an excellent and artistic cook. Jacques le Blanc is by no means the least pleasant of Mr. Prinsep’s creations, and the honest fellow’s pride in his profession, which sustains him in his distractions, domestic as well as political, is quite touching. *Virginie* marries the Count de la Beauce, who is, as his title demands he should be, more of an agricultural landlord than a politician. The Count and his wife, who wish for nothing better than to live at home in peace, are forced to Paris, and there are made to pass through the terrors of the next four years, which sadden their whole future lives, and destroy the reason of the honest Jacques le Blanc. Mr. Prinsep can paint character with his pen as well as with his brush. Jean Durand, the ruffianly poacher, is a powerful and picturesque study. The relations between the desperate outlaw Jean and *Virginie*, when she has tamed the tiger in him by her gentle courage and patience, are beautifully told.

Of the two neat uniform volumes, *Miss Nobody of Nowhere* and *A Diplomat’s Diary*, there is not much to be said. Of the literary merits of the first there is, indeed, nothing to say, for the most diligent search has not succeeded in finding any. Diligent search is the right expression, for *Miss Nobody of Nowhere* is not a story for tranquil perusal. It is a confused jumble of wild and extravagant incident through which painful progress is made, lightened towards the close by frequent skipping, as it becomes evident nothing can be gained by conscientious attention. Some people might say the style was vulgar, and others that it was thoroughly American. At any rate, it is true that the scene passes in the States, East and West, and that the author has not studied in the school of Mr. Henry James.

*A Diplomat’s Diary* is quite a different thing. The hero of this egotistic and sentimental “gurnal,” as Sir Walter called his daily record, is a noble, almost princely individual of German nationality, who flies from Berlin and the too pronounced attentions of one of the Princesses of the Imperial House. Such things have been heard of. At St. Petersburg he falls in with an American lady of great loveliness and a disposition only faintly indicated by the expression “coming on.” The outer characteristics of Russian Court life are sufficiently familiar to the diarist to enable him to spin out a volume with descriptions of balls, reviews, receptions, and so on, while the inner sentiments of himself and the ineffable Daphne furnish the emotional interest. A witty epigram is quoted here and there, and visible efforts have been made to reproduce effects of M. Paul Bourget, Miss Amelia Rives, and the late Mlle. Marie Bashkirtseff. Even when attended with only moderate success, imitation is flattering.

The title, and the sporting emblazonment on the cover, proclaim *A Line of her Own* to be a hunting novel. It is a long way from being the worst hunting novel to be found. It is neither slangy nor horsey, there are no betting transactions, and while there is plenty of description of runs, there is no stable-cant. As for the story itself, it is not much. The well-worn plot of the dissipated brother who visits his pretty sister by stealth, and is believed to be her lover, is too hackneyed to excite the faintest interest, and in this case it is besides disagreeable. That a girl like Kate Darby should be suspected by her admirer, Captain Graham, of carrying on an intrigue with a drunken private soldier at the very time that she is receiving his own honourable attentions as a modest maiden should, is insupportable. Captain Graham should have disbelieved the evidence of his senses which told him such a tale. Then Mrs. Verner, the flirting Indian widow and Captain Manville, the scheming villain, are figures as venerable and fictitious as any in Madame Tussaud’s collection. Nevertheless, the story can be read with amusement. If the author’s invention is weak, her style is fresh, and she can draw girls prettily.

*Beta* is a tale of mysteries; mysterious marriages, mysterious deaths, extraordinary burials, murders which are no murders, and killings which are no crimes. It is not withal very exciting, nor even particularly lively, which is a disappointment; for when on the second page we found two gentlemen in an apartment in Piccadilly “shivering over fires that won’t burn with a wind as biting as the *Saturday*” we were encouraged to hope for something entertaining. The hope was illusory. There is, however, originality in *Beta*. Mysteries are common enough in novels, but they are generally more or less explained at the end. The author of this romance acknowledges no such literary bondage. The mysterious marriage of which we hear in the first chapter, and which hangs round the neck of Sir Geoffrey Wolferston like a millstone during nearly the whole process of the story, is never explained. How, or why, or when, or where the young baronet married the lovely Elsie; why, having married her, he abandoned her, and what was the dreadful past that made the mother-in-law in his case so much more than usually unpleasant, can never be known unless the author writes another book to reveal the nature of the transactions. All through the story, in fact, there is a feeling that it is a sequel to some unknown previous work, and that the threads have been

\* *Marcia*. By W. E. Norris. 3 vols. London: John Murray. 1890.

*Virginie: a Tale of One Hundred Years Ago*. By Val Prinsep. 3 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1890.

*Miss Nobody of Nowhere*. By Archibald Clavering Gunter. London: Routledge & Sons. 1890.

*A Diplomat’s Diary*. By Julien Gordon. London: Routledge & Sons. 1890.

*A Line of her Own*. By Mrs. Conney. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1891.

*Beta*. By Mrs. Bourne. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.



carelessly gathered up. We do not get to the bottom of things. Elsie, the deserted wife, goes mad, dies from an over-dose of an opiate administered by Mrs. Harley, her uncomfortable mother, and is thrown into the sea at night by Mrs. Harley and a vague kind of uncle, who hovers around at intervals committing murders and stealing money. Yet Elsie is always spoken of afterwards as having been murdered, though Mrs. Harley had no more intention of taking her life than poor Mary Lamb had of taking her mother's. All this would not have mattered very much had the story been interesting or amusing. It is not much of either; yet it is not without indications that if the author chose a less intricate subject and treated it with more directness and simplicity, and abstained from psychological speculation, she might write a bright book.

## CHINESISCHE STUDIEN.\*

IT is told of Confucius that on one occasion, having remarked to the driver of his carriage on the density of the population, the charioteer inquired, "Since the people are thus numerous, what must be done for them?" "Enrich them," replied the Master. In these two words Confucius expressed the leading desire of ninety-nine out of every hundred Chinamen. With a parental regard for the well-being of their subjects, and a keen desire for their own security, the sovereigns of China have always striven to keep the people contented by enriching them. And in this amiable ambition they have been most cordially seconded by the people themselves, who have through all their history shown a craving for wealth which they have been by no means unsuccessful in satisfying. No one of their many deities has ever received such undeviating attention as the god of wealth, who, with round cheeks and ample proportions, smiles in every temple on his worshippers; and certainly none of their deities has been so propitious to its votaries.

The wealth of the cities of China was a marvel to mediæval travellers. Marco Polo was never tired of expatiating on the "noble cities," "the rich marts," and the crowded water-ways of the Empire; and even at the present day the traveller accustomed to the riches displayed in the streets of London or of Paris is struck with amazement at the evidences of luxury and profusion to be met with in the thoroughfares and private residences of such cities as Hangchow, Canton, and other great trading centres. To a people imbued with so great a desire to accumulate wealth, their own frontiers must have necessarily seemed too narrow for their enterprise, and thus we find that even at an early period of their history they exchanged goods and bartered products with every nation in Asia which had anything to give in return for the silk stuffs and porcelain of Cathay. In his present volume Dr. Hirth, among the various treatises of which it is composed, describes the extent and nature of the foreign commerce of ancient and mediæval China, and points out with truth that the object of the expeditions undertaken by the Chinese into Central and Western Asia during the first centuries of our era was not conquest, but to find the best markets for their goods. We know also that their merchandise was sold in the shops of ancient Rome, and that the products of the looms of Soochow were paid for by the Roman ladies with an equal weight of gold. Their porcelain seems to have found its chief admirers in Persia, where it was eagerly secured and carefully prized in the houses of the rich and great. With the sincerest flattery the Persians tried to imitate the ware, and partially succeeded, though they never were quite able so far to denationalize their ideas of art as to reproduce faithfully Chinese designs.

Professor Stanislas Julien, in his work on Chinese porcelain, states his belief that the manufacture was first introduced between the years 185 B.C. and 87 A.D., and bases his opinion on the mention which occurs in works of that period of the word which is now used to express "porcelain." Dr. Hirth, however, points out that the word was then applied to "earthenware," and shows, by reference to later medical authorities, that, though certain medicinal properties were supposed to be possessed by the earth now used for making porcelain, no hint is given of a knowledge of the ceramic art. This is, after all, however, only a negative proof, and does not finally dispose of the matter. But the presumption is certainly in favour of Dr. Hirth's supposition, and if we are to accept it, we must believe that porcelain was not manufactured in China until the seventh century. Like many arts, this one has had its vicissitudes, and on the several occasions when, during political tumults, the factories have been destroyed, and the workpeople dispersed, the methods of mixing the colours and moulding the shapes have been to some extent lost. To this fact are to be attributed the high prices which prevail for all pieces of porcelain which bear evidences of genuine age. To a native collector an unquestionable piece of Sung Dynasty crackled porcelain is much what a Mazarine Bible is to a book collector among ourselves, and the best specimens of the products of the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644) are scarcely less valued. Vases within which are painted lions rolling balls, or dragons with phoenixes, fetch prices which would astonish even the eager buyers at the sale-rooms in King Street; and when genuine pieces of blue and white of this period are offered for sale, they find a constantly rising market. It is recorded that about a hundred

years ago a pair of cups of this last kind was valued by native collectors at 300*l*.

Dr. Hirth treats many subjects besides those we have referred to, and in all cases he writes with knowledge, and in some cases from personal experience. His description of the province of Kwangtung and of its products is particularly detailed, and at this time acquires a more than usual interest from the fact that the opening to foreign trade of the West River which traverses the province is now under discussion.

## GLIMPSES OF OLD ENGLISH HOMES.\*

**G**LIMPSES of Old English Homes, by Elizabeth Balch, is a very daintily got up "Christmas" book of the modern type. The illustrations are admirably done, and consist of a series of views of the "stately homes" selected for description, and also of reproductions of some of the most interesting of the family portraits contained in them. The places described are Penshurst, Arundel Castle, Hinchinbrooke, Eridge Castle, Chiswick House, Berkeley Castle, Highclere Castle, and Osterley Park; and, moreover, in nearly every case the descriptive article has been read and approved by the present owner. The title "Glimpses" anticipates any objection which might be raised as to the exceeding brevity and flimsiness of texture of these articles, though we are glad to say that they do not lack reverence for antiquity and enthusiastic appreciation of the charm of these historic dwellings. Perhaps, as the book seems mainly intended for American readers, these qualities will be especially valued by them, and also the writer's sense of the ingenuity with which modern comforts, flowers, books, and games can be made to fit into Norman and Perpendicular surroundings, and how enjoyable modern life may be in houses where Elizabeth flirted with Leicester, or Charles lay hidden after Worcester fight. "The portraits on the walls, massed together as they are, read like a painted page of history," and indeed history, in such an environment, is learned with scarcely an effort; yet, as Miss Balch remarks of Arundel Castle, "With all its magnificence and grandeur, Arundel, to a peculiar degree, possesses this air of home-like comfort, without which any dwelling-place is spoiled, be it college or castle; the crackling wood fires, cosy corners shut off by screens, and tables laden with books—for books are everywhere, the latest and newest, as well as the oldest and rarest—all join in adding comfort to splendour."

It seems a pity that in the enumeration of the worthies of Penshurst Miss Balch should have omitted the great Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, during the minority of Henry VI., whom Rapin describes as "the most accomplished prince in Europe; wise, judicious, of great valour, solidity, and penetration, master of his passions, and of a genius superior to all employed by him; he seemed born for a throne, though Providence had ranked him among subjects." Of him might have been told a delightful story by the same author concerning his tomb in France, where he died of mortification and anxiety on account of the treaty between Charles VII. and the Duke of Burgundy, a treaty fatal to the English interests on the Continent:—"Louis XI., son of Charles VII., being one day in the church at Rouen, and looking at the Duke of Bedford's tomb, a certain lord of his retinue advised him to demolish that standing monument of the dishonour of the French. 'No,' replied the King, 'let the ashes of a prince rest in peace, who, if he were alive, would make the boldest of us tremble. I rather wish that a more stately monument were raised in his honour.' Then, again, after Bedford's death, Penshurst belonged to his brother, the "good Duke Humphrey" of Shakspeare, and the great literary patron of his day. Perhaps the author was right in omitting to quote Ben Jonson's poetry on his visits to Penshurst, which appears to us to have been worthier of Taylor the "water poet" than of so famous a wit; but we cannot forgive her for misquoting his famous epitaph on "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," and we think she might have spared a line for the Titians and Giorgiones which form one of the many glories of Penshurst, though chief of all is that "air of antiquity which has been fully preserved, no one part of the building clashing with another in its effect on the eye. As the afternoon shadows of to-day fall across the quadrangle, so have they fallen, day after day, uninterruptedly since before the Black Prince won his spurs at Crecy, or took captive the French King at Poitiers, and before the chief of English orders of knighthood was founded."

Much pleasant, if not very profound, gossip will be found about "Proud Cis," "the Rose of Raby," from whom, the historian Roland tells us, "are descended all the Emperors of Germany, the Kings of Spain, the House of Austria, and most of the princes throughout Christendom now living; the like whereof cannot be said of any other English family"; about Oliver Cromwell's boyhood at Hinchinbrooke; about the old oak mentioned in *Domesday*, which stands near Berkeley Castle; about Napoleon's chair and writing-table at Highclere; about the peer's robes worn by Lord Abergavenny at the execution of Mary Stuart; about the banners borne at Culloden by the regiment which fought at Culloden under the command of the twenty-second Baron of Berkeley, and the like. There is a curious misprint on page 2, which turns a long sentence

\* *Chinesische Studien*. Von Friedrich Hirth. München und Leipzig: G. Hirth's Verlag. 1890.

\* *Glimpses of Old English Homes*. By Elizabeth Balch. With Fifty-one Illustrations. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

into complete nonsense, and we fear that the printer is not to be blamed for "Charlemagne the great Duke of Brabant, King of France, and Emperor of the Romans" (p. 198). We think, too, that the sad story of poor Margaret Ray were best left untold, though perhaps in an account of the great house at Hinchinbrooke it could hardly be left out. The following passage gives an idea of Miss Balch's style of writing:—

The windows reaching down to the floor (in the library at Eridge Castle) open out on the terrace, and lovely glimpses of velvety lawns, and spreading trees, the still water of the lake, and the varied beauties of the park beyond, encircled by the misty Sussex Hills, can be seen from them. The room is not grand and lofty, as in the hall just left, but has a low white ceiling ornamented with the potticulis and rose: the walls are lined with books, and the impression given by the whole is best expressed by the German word *Greundlich*. It is a homelike, liveable room, not silent with pale dead memories, but echoing cheery words and rippling laughter; a room breathing from every corner warm living hopes and fancies, not haunted by buried lives which have naught to do with the present time. Books and photographs, papers and magazines of to-day, lie upon the different tables, and near the comfortable sofas and arm-chairs, while flowers, sweet scented living flowers, are in every available spot. In the winter time crackling logs send out a cheerful blaze, and the flames seem to leap and dance in sympathetic pleasure as the exciting chase of the day is discussed. The doings of even Warwick the King-maker have then but scant interest for those who have taken part in the hunt. Surely no room in all England can be pleasanter than the library at Eridge after a good day's run with the hounds; sons and daughters of the house of Nevill are equally keen about sport, and the doughtiest of their ancestors in the gilded frames may well be proud of the younger generation's prowess in the hunting-field.

#### ADVENTURES OF THOMAS PELLOW OF PENRYN.\*

THIS is a good book well edited. Pellow's narrative of his captivity in Morocco is, so Dr. Robert Brown, who speaks as one who has exhausted that branch of literature, says, the best of all the tales of captives among the Moors, once so common, and so popular. It is also, in the editor's opinion, trustworthy—at least in so far as a story can be trusted which was made up by the help of some unknown literary gentleman out of the recollections of an uneducated man. We do not mean to imply that an uneducated man is necessarily a liar, still less that his memory will be the worse for the want of book-learning. This last would, indeed, be a contention quite unsupported by facts. No man who starts with any memory at all remembers so tenaciously as he who has never relied on notes. Pellow could no doubt recollect his sufferings, his fights, his drinking bouts, and his efforts to escape as accurately as the Thug approvers, who used to tell our police officers in India exactly where to find the skeletons of victims killed thirty years before, could remember their pious murders. The doubt in this case is whether an ignorant man would not misstate from want of understanding of what he saw. Dr. Brown is of opinion that there is not much inaccuracy of this kind in Pellow, who simply recounts what came in his way as it looked to him, without pretending to go below the surface. Such a man is a good witness as far as he goes. Moreover, when he can be checked by independent evidence, Pellow is commonly found to be telling the truth. His Arabic is, of course, wild; but Dr. Brown puts that right in the notes. The text is not altered, except by the removal of superfluous passages which Pellow's literary friend had conveyed bodily from other writers on Morocco.

The style of the book is, for the rest, capital. If we have to thank Pellow's literary friend for it, he must be complimented on having got the hang of the proper English remarkably well. From not a few touches in the book here and there, we conclude that the buckwisher had the excellent sense to keep as near to Pellow's own words as might be, whereby the book is not the less racy. The captive was distinctly a clever fellow, with some sense of humour and a good eye, who made the best of his remarkable adventures. He was, according to his own story, taken by a Saltee rover when he was only eleven, and marched up country with many other prisoners. At Mequinez he was given to Muley Spha, a son of the Emperor Muley Ismail, by whom he was converted to Islam at the cost of much drubbing. Pellow describes his courageous resistance to perversion, and attributes it to loyalty to the Christian religion. As a matter of fact he held out, in all probability, because he knew that a renegade could not be redeemed. He seems on his own showing to have reconciled himself to his life in Morocco pretty thoroughly. After some years' service with Muley Spha he was transferred to the Emperor's own guard, and employed on very dangerous work, indeed—namely, to keep watch over the harem. He had a narrow escape of the fate of Joseph, he says, and was glad when Muley Ismail made him alcaide of a castle, with the command of a detachment of troops. There were Englishmen among them, even in some numbers. It is, by the way, somewhat consoling in these days, when our poorness of spirit is compared to the courage of our fathers, to think of what those fathers did endure. How long would it be in these degenerate days before a punitive expedition would be out after any barbarian who captured Englishmen by the hundred to make slaves of them? Our fathers were content to go hat in

hand to the ruffian with bribes. Muley Ismail was good to his renegade captain, and gave him, not only a command, but a wife—the gipsy, as Pellow calls her, who seems to have been a rather nice young woman. They had a little girl. The mother and daughter died in the midst of the anarchy which followed on the death of Muley Ismail, and Pellow rather pathetically says he was glad to know they were out of such a hell broke loose as Morocco had now become. We are afraid he took the loss of his wife philosophically; but he confesses to a good deal of heartache when he thought of the little one who used to cling round his neck when he returned from his many wars. These campaigns were incessant, and, as long as Muley Ismail lived, victorious. Pellow describes them with a quite oriental magnificence of numbers. He thinks nothing of killing you off ten thousand Moors in a casual battle. That the fighting was desperate is certain. After the death of the ferocious Muley Ismail his sons began to fight for the throne. Pellow found very soon that, whereas the hard blows went on as before, the "caduacs" had ceased, and he began to cast about for means of escape. He had many disappointments, one of which was due to treason on the part of a fellow-English renegade. He turned the tables on that rascal by dint of intrepid lying. At last he got off disguised as a doctor—that is to say, in rags. His medicine-chest consisted of a searing-iron for rheumatism, pepper for ophthalmic eyes, and a few purgative powders. The last part of the book is the most vividly coloured. It is, in fact, so superior to the first in precision, that we are haunted by a suspicion Pellow had really been vagabondizing all the time, and only added his stories of battles and military commands for the look of the thing. This is but a suspicion, and we must confess has no support from Dr. Brown. That Pellow had seen a great deal of the country, in one capacity or another, is very evident. His account of a march across the desert with a caravan to the Niger would prove as much. Unless he had seen the country he could not describe it, and he would hardly have called the river the Nile unless he had lived among a people who call it the Nile of the Negroes.

#### GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.\*

NO better choice could possibly have been made for the subject of an early volume of the "Heroes of the Nations" series than Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North. The union which his career presents of loftiness of character with supreme skill in martial affairs marks him out as the grandest figure of his age. For a few years he may be regarded as the centre of European politics, and the position which he attained was due to himself alone. He found his nation shut out from the opportunities of expansion necessary to its development, and, we may almost say, to the continuance of its very existence, and he raised it to a place in the front rank of European Powers; he found German Protestantism prostrate before the force of the Catholic reaction, helpless and disunited, and he conquered and died in an attempt to give it unity and a strength which should render it safe from attack. Familiar as is the theme on which Mr. Fletcher writes, it can never become tedious, and his treatment of it deserves a welcome as at least careful and fairly adequate. We miss indeed an account of the King's domestic policy, his generous though firm dealings with the Swedish nobles, his plan for Church government, and one or two other matters. But the main interest of his life lies apart from these things—in his wars, his relations with foreign States, and his German schemes. In order to give his readers a correct and sufficient knowledge of his hero's place in history, Mr. Fletcher explains the aims of the different States with which Gustavus came in contact. This he does with clearness and accuracy, though we have found some of his explanations a little tedious; not, indeed, on account of their length—for he is not addicted to wordiness—but because his style smacks of the college lecture-room. As he gets more to the later period of his work he writes with life. He should make up his mind to abjure italics. "Again," he says in one place, "I am compelled to use italics." Now an author ought not to find himself compelled to get a printer to make his points for him. More space should have been given to the Polish war, which is treated far too perfunctorily. Our chief complaint against the book, however, is that, owing probably to the influence of Professor Droysen's works, it takes a somewhat one-sided view of German affairs, and fails to point out what may be said on the Imperial or Catholic side. The chapter on the army which Gustavus carried over into Germany is full of good matter. The Swedes were, as Mr. Fletcher maintains, superior to their foes in the character of their leader, in their arms, and specially in artillery, and, above all, in equipment and tactics. In the changes which Gustavus introduced in the use of both cavalry and infantry he made rapidity of movement his first object; his innovations "gave a new complexion to war"; the old-fashioned plan of trusting to the weight of large masses of horse or foot disappeared before his new system of sacrificing weight to mobility. The subject is well and thoroughly illustrated here. While the King's conduct towards Magdeburg is defended so far as his will was concerned, he is accused of a "blunder" in having

\* *Adventure Series*—The *Adventures of Thomas Pellow of Penryn, Mariner, Three-and-twenty years in Captivity among the Moors*. Written by Himself, and edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Dr. Robert Brown. Illustrated. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

\* *Heroes of the Nations*—*Gustavus Adolphus and the Struggle of Protestantism for Existence*. By C. R. L. Fletcher, M.A., late Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1890.



excited expectations which he should have known it was by no means certain that he could fulfil. The reasons that must have led him after his victory at Breitenfeld to march to the south-west rather than, as the Elector of Saxony urged, on Vienna are satisfactorily stated; his decision did not please Richelieu, who "looked on the south-west of Germany as peculiarly the province of French diplomacy," and considered that the King was throwing away the opportunities gained by his victory by not at once advancing against Austria. But Gustavus intended that France should serve the cause of German Protestantism, and had no mind to subordinate the interests of that cause to the Cardinal's policy. During the early weeks of 1632 he was busily engaged at Mainz in negotiations of which we have an intelligible account. Although Mr. Fletcher writes as if he was bent on taking the most favourable view possible of the behaviour of the Elector of Saxony, who, he declares, "was not perhaps quite as black as he has been painted," he describes him as "a man of passing influences," willing one day "to sell his soul to Gustavus, the next to Wallenstein." While we do not propose to charge ourselves with the hopeless task of defending John George, we confess that the words we have quoted appear to us ill-chosen. The Elector was vacillating, but his vacillations were not those of a mere feather-brained fool. If he was anxious to uphold the Protestant cause, he was at the same time strongly attached to the Empire, and was unwilling to see the old order in Germany broken up, as it would have been, if Gustavus had been able to establish his Corpus Evangelicorum, to make himself its director, and to take possession of sufficient German territory to indemnify himself for his services. The Elector's indecision was not without a basis of principle; his mistake lay in imagining that it was a time for halting between two opinions. He had to decide between the old union of Germany under the Imperial system, and the overthrow of that system in favour of a new bond of union offered by Gustavus to the Protestants; the third course after which he hankered could only have entailed utter disintegration and confusion. This may indeed be gathered from different parts of the book before us, but it might have been stated more distinctly. The struggle between Gustavus and Wallenstein at Nuremberg is told with animation, and in depicting the last scenes of all, the death of the King and the furious conflict in which Duke Bernard and the Swedes avenged his fall, Mr. Fletcher almost rises to the level of his subject. The volume has a useful map, and a large number of excellent engravings of portraits, places, and medals, while illustrations of the weapons and armour of the time are given as head-pieces to the chapters. It would be well if in future volumes of the series the list of engravings contained some information as to the originals from which they were taken.

#### MR. SMALLEY'S LETTERS.\*

MANY persons who have come to be acquainted with the name, or person, or both, of Mr. G. W. Smalley, must have frequently wondered what the letters were like which it is understood to be his occupation in life to dispatch from time to time to the *New York Tribune* for the purpose of acquainting such of his countrymen as read that journal with what is going on in England generally and in London particularly. They have now the opportunity of perusing a copious selection from them, published in two substantial volumes under the title of *London Letters*. In date they extend over nearly twenty years, and, as Mr. Smalley has all that time been engaged in assiduously seeing, hearing, and reporting as much as he could of interesting things, events, and people, he is naturally able to cover a wide range of subjects. The first volume consists of short descriptive essays, often obituary, concerning some two-score public men of importance, all English, or resident in England, except Prince Bismarck and his son, Gambetta, Louis Blanc, M. Renan, and the German Emperor, and a series of papers concerning Midlothian "campaigns" and Mr. Gladstone's policy generally. The second volume consists of articles concerning scenes in Parliament or in the streets, English habits and customs, public events, and miscellaneous topics generally.

The first thing that will strike a casual English reader is that they are not at all what is generally associated with the phrase "American journalism." No doubt they are selected, but there are a great many of them; and, as far as sobriety of style and discreet expression go, they might have appeared in any Leeds or Manchester daily paper. The American Correspondent, as represented by Mr. Smalley, does not wear a sombrero, a red shirt, or a belt full of knives and pistols; but is arrayed in a frock coat, a tall hat, kid gloves, and a white shirt, or, at any rate, a "dicky" collar, and cuffs of the ordinary material. He is such a man as you would not look at twice if you met him in church, or in a superior place of Nonconformist worship. On a more minute perusal of Mr. Smalley's lucubrations, this impression is entirely confirmed. He is correct, conventional, commonplace, almost beyond belief. He has caught and reproduced with amazing fidelity the tone of the average thoughtful,

educated, prudent, moderate, and entirely unoriginal British subject. He tolerates all creeds and parties, because his beliefs are adopted wholesale and sit lightly upon him. He draws the line only at Socialism, and sternly reprobates the wild ideas of Messrs. Hyndman, Burns, Morris, and Henry George. He is a good deal afraid—or was until 1886—of Mr. Chamberlain. Lord Hartington is his ideal of a politician. He has a profound personal admiration for Mr. Gladstone, and gushes about him on occasion in a style worthy of the *Daily News*. As a thoughtful Liberal, he admires the dash and the intellectual abilities of Lord Randolph Churchill. He acknowledges, as years go by, though, it seems, just a little grudgingly, the administrative abilities of Mr. Balfour, and praises his courage. The greatness of Mr. Watts, the cleverness of Mr. Pellegrini, the singularity of Mr. Laurence Oliphant, and the virtues of the late Lord Shaftesbury alike command his respectful attention. He lifts up his hands in horror at the West-End riots of February 1886, and decorously raises his well-brushed hat at Her Majesty's Jubilee. He contemplates with awe the large number of ships collected at the Naval Review, and he protests that the Queen's garden-party at Buckingham Palace was a truly delightful fête.

In two respects Mr. Smalley frequently, and probably on purpose, displays, so to speak, the cloven hoof of the American citizen. He never mentions Her Majesty save with friendly patronage, and rarely without the use of such phrases as "old woman," or "elderly person." It is unquestionably true that Queen Victoria, like other Queens, is a woman, and there is no doubt whatever that she was born in 1819; but these two facts may be referred to when necessary either in good taste or in bad. Mr. Smalley cannot let them alone, and the taste of his references is uniformly bad. The other hall-mark of American citizenship is a constant, and almost nervous, insistence upon the aspect of Americans who happened to be somewhere or do something in England, and the consideration that they enjoyed. If Mr. Smalley describes a function, he is careful to explain that some most beautiful American ladies were in some of the best places, and were immensely admired by everybody; and if the American Minister for the time being was not exalted with any peculiar reverence, several sentences are devoted to explaining why not, and that no offence need be taken. It has not, as a rule, been observed that those of Mr. Patrick Ford's colleagues who have been from time to time accredited to the Court of St. James's have been particularly aggressive in their general demeanour or openly solicitous about being regarded with sufficient awe. It is not for want of having had the eyes of attentive readers of the *New York Tribune* continually upon them. About the mysterious personage described as the "American Girl" Mr. Smalley is also continually on the *qui vive*, and he holds her to be agitating British society to its heights—for Mr. Smalley rarely condescends to say anything about the middle classes. For "the masses," he is moved to admiration or alarm according to whether or not he happens to be engaged in eulogizing Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Smalley is evidently a person of keen and rather rapid perceptions, but in respect of one of his beloved Ministers he writes in a singular fashion. In concluding his account of the departure of Mr. Phelps from London, he observes, "Lord Salisbury and the official world may take what view they will of the Sackville incident, but the people of Great Britain have not abated one jot of their indignation for their American kin beyond sea." Did Mr. Smalley think it advisable to mislead his countrymen, or was he really unaware that Mr. Phelps at that time was deliberately treated with marked courtesy in order to show that the childish impertinence of an American Government was not worth being angry with?

Mr. Smalley is, we think, at his best in his biographical and personal notices, which are quite up to the level of superior daily journalism, and sometimes decidedly happy in observation. For instance, his sketch of Mr. Balfour, written when Mr. Balfour had been only a week Chief Secretary, showed great quickness to detect a personage of importance. He is at his worst—when not simply penny-a-lining—in two papers about the Bishops in the House of Lords, and about the death of President Garfield. He is excessively scornful about the Bishops because, if they had not voted against the third reading of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, it would have been passed. He calls them "paid partisans of a Church which does not number a majority of Englishmen as members"; and he declares that they have incurred their just doom as legislators at the hands of an indignant people, merely "in order to postpone the inevitable another twelvemonth." This was written in 1883. Is not this, indeed, the commonplace commentator who gravely uses, on a question with morals in it, the argument "inevitable sooner or later"? Only a month ago, it was the only argument for Home Rule. Which recalls to mind that the closing chapter of Mr. Smalley's book contains thrilling accounts of the imposing scene before the Special Commission, the unparalleled forensic and dramatic abilities of Sir Charles Russell, and the heroic constancy, kingly demeanour, and nobly vindicated virtues of Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell!

\* *London Letters, and some Others.* By George W. Smalley. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

## BOOKS ON DIVINITY.\*

MR. HUTTON'S study on Cardinal Newman is a delicate and interesting piece of criticism; but it labours under the disadvantage of having been anticipated, and anticipated by Newman himself. The drift of the book is to show the essential honesty of Newman's course. "No life known to me," says Mr. Hutton in summing up, "in the last century of our national history can for a moment compare with it, so far as we can judge of such deep matters, in unity of meaning and constancy of purpose. It has been carved, as it were, out of one block of spiritual substance." This is perfectly true; but since the publication of the *Apologia* it has been a truism. Canon Kingsley was absolutely indefensible if he cast, or allowed himself to be driven into casting, a doubt on Newman's personal loyalty. There is, however, this to be said, that, in charging the Roman Church with the patronage of mendacity, Kingsley was only doing what Newman himself had done more than once with downright ferocity (see, for one instance, p. 153 of this very book); and, yet further, that the exigencies of Newman's position drove him to attempts at reconciling the irreconcilable, in Tract 90 and the *Lectures on Justification*, in which subtlety can hardly be distinguished from sophistry. But it was that kind of sophistry which marks the crisis of spiritual tragedy, just as the temptation to crime forms the crisis of tragedy of a lower kind. At the time men thought it dishonest; looking back, we can see and pity the perplexity that occasioned it. Mr. Hutton defends the Cardinal also from the suspicion of that subtler form of dishonesty which takes refuge in positive assertions in order to stifle doubt—the suspicion, in fact, that he became a Romanist in order to avoid becoming an infidel. The defence takes the shape of an answer to Mr. Huxley's animadversions on Newman's theory of evidence; and, though insufficient for its immediate purpose, hardly rebuts the real charge with sufficient plainness and directness. The fact seems to be that, as regards the doctrines of the Creed, Newman never felt any doubt. Difficulties he saw with perfect distinctness; but, as he tells us himself, "ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt." His "wish to believe" applied not to the cardinal facts of the Gospel, but to a host of precepts and doctrines for which there is no warrant either in Scripture or in sound tradition—such precepts as the use of Exorcism in Baptism, such doctrines as the cultus of the Saints and of the Virgin. His desire for a

\* *Cardinal Newman*. By Richard H. Hutton. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

*Selected Sermons of Schleiermacher*. Translated by Mary F. Wilson. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

*Eusebius—Church History, Life of Constantine the Great, and Oration in Praise of Constantine*. Translated, with Prolegomena and Notes, by the Rev. A. C. McGiffert, D.D., and E. C. Richardson, Ph.D. "Select Library of Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers." New Series, Vol. I. Oxford: Parker & Co. 1890.

*Ordination Addresses and Counsels to Clergy*. By the late J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., &c., Lord Bishop of Durham. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

*Leaders in the Northern Church*. Sermons preached in the Diocese of Durham. By J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., &c., Lord Bishop of Durham. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

*Sermons by Bishop Lightfoot*. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1890.

*Some Central Points of Our Lord's Ministry*. By Henry Wace, D.D., Principal of King's College, London, &c. &c. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

*The Living Christ and the Four Gospels*. By R. W. Dale, LL.D., Birmingham. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

*The Life of St. Thomas Aquinas*. Edited by Father Pius Cavanagh, O.P. London: Burns & Oates (Lim.)

*The Divinity of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ*. Bampton Lectures for 1866. By H. P. Liddon, D.D., &c. Fourteenth edition. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1890.

*Bishop Ruile: a Memoir*. By his Executors, G. Mather, M.A., Rector of Longford, Salop, and C. J. Blagg. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. (Lim.) 1890.

*Valentine Riant*. Translated from the French by Lady Herbert, by W. J. Amherst, S.J. London: Burns & Oates (Lim.) 1890.

*Gideon and the Judges*. By the Rev. J. M. Lang, D.D., Minister of the Barony Parish, Glasgow. "Men of the Bible Series." London: James Nisbet & Co.

*By the Mystery of Thy Holy Incarnation*. By the Author of "The Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family." London: S. P. C. K.

*Mors et Vita: Thoughts for Solemn Seasons*. By L. C. Skey. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1890.

*Daily Strength for Daily Needs*. Selected by the Editor of "Quiet Hours." London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1890.

*Tests of Holy Living*. Preached by the Rev. F. A. Ormby, at Hanover Church, Regent Street. London: Roper & Drowley. 1890.

*Holy Seasons*. By T. Tylecote, B.D., Rector of Marston Morteyne, Hon. Canon of Ely, and Elizabeth M. B. Tylecote. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

*Hymns for School Worship*. Compiled by M. A. Woods, Head Mistress of the Clifton High School for Girls. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

*Plain Sermons*. By T. A. Fuller-Maitland, M.A., late Vicar of Bilton, Harrogate. London: Skeffington & Son. 1890.

*Where is Christ?* By the Rev. H. B. Chapman, Vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1890.

*The Rise of Christendom*. By Edwin Johnson, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. (Lim.) 1890.

*A Handbook of Scientific and Literary Bible Difficulties*. Edited by R. Tuck, B.A. (Lond.) London: Elliot Stock. 1890.

*The Expository Times*. Edited by the Rev. J. Hastings, M.A. Vol. I. Oct. 1889–Sept. 1890. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

final authority and his painful investigations into the logic of assent all aimed at points like these. He wanted a living Church, and the sign of life was to his mind an increasing fulness of legislation. This is why to Newman the *Via Media* was, as Mr. Hutton says, "a road over mountains and rivers which hitherto had never been cut." To Mr. Rose and others it expressed the real mind of the Church of England; to Newman it was always a forlorn hope, because the mind that he wanted to express was really not that of the Church of England. It is at this point that the inadequacy of Mr. Hutton's method, which is that of merely literary criticism, becomes evident. Apart from the question of truthfulness, as to which there is no real difference of opinion, the interest of Newman's struggles is theological, and the theology involved is of a very technical kind. Yet it is a curious thing that the conclusion drawn from them by most people is that theology does not really matter very much. This is, perhaps, the most tragic aspect of Newman's life. He was a martyr for things which many who profess to admire him most warmly regard as trivialities hardly worth discussion. A subordinate but highly attractive feature of Mr. Hutton's book is the estimate of Newman's literary merits. Numerous well-selected extracts are given, both of prose and verse, among the latter the admirable lines on the Elements. Mr. Hutton remarks that some of the finer qualities of Newman's style seem to have attained their perfect bloom only after he had found peace in Rome. "Though the later writings have not to me quite the delicate charm of the reserve, and I might almost say the shy passion, of his Oxford sermons, they represent the full-blown blossom of his genius, while the former show it only in the bud." Singularly enough the power in which Mr. Hutton describes the most marked development is that of "scornful irony." Pathos, the most magical of Newman's endowments, could hardly attain a higher pitch than in the Anglican sermon on the Parting of Friends. One of the extracts given by Mr. Hutton from a sermon on the Assumption of Mary will be read by most English people with feelings of profound regret. Every war must be judged by the treaty of peace which concludes it. This was the peace, this abjuration, as it will seem to many, not only of the right, but of the power to think, in which the great Newman found repose and expansion. He compared himself at the outset of his struggles to Achilles quitting his tent; he ends as Achilles bewitched and bound with cobwebs. There must be something wrong about the logic that ended thus. Newman's name stands high, and no man may speak of his many noble qualities without respect. Nevertheless, we must not forget what he did. He turned against the mother that bore him, and after his desertion had the cruelty to reproach her with the "confusion" of which he was himself the prime author.

Miss Wilson's translation of *Selected Sermons of Schleiermacher* will enable the English reader to make some acquaintance with a man as unlike Newman as one professing Christian can be unlike another. Newman held that religious feeling rests upon facts, and that the facts must be approached in the temper of obedience; Schleiermacher, that feeling needs no facts at all, and that the right temper is one of intellectual independence. When he began his work Germany was in the agony of the Napoleonic war, revolutionary ideas were paramount, and in particular Rationalism was thought to have made belief in the supernatural impossible, and thereby to have destroyed Christianity. Schleiermacher set himself the task of reconstructing the religious life from its foundations, and fancied that this could be effected by the short and easy method of combining the facts of Rationalism with the feelings of Lutheranism. His teaching was received by Goethe with "serene repulsion," and by plain Christian folk with repulsion that was not serene, but was welcomed with enthusiasm by many cultivated people of the Romantic school, to whom the intense was the same thing as the true. Yet Schleiermacher did something more than merely enable a certain number of vague enthusiasts to fancy that they were what they were not. He dealt a heavy blow at Rationalism of the old brutal matter-of-fact eighteenth-century type, and he gave a very quickening impulse to sound theology by once more enforcing the necessity of "heart-religion." Neander was one of his pupils. A casual reader of these Sermons might regard them as the outpourings of an ordinary, though very able, Lutheran preacher; only an expression here and there (for instance, in the sermon on "God's Love magnified in Christ's Death") will indicate that these orthodox raptures are galvanism, and not life. The style is too abstract and sentimental, and too little relieved by contrast, to suit English taste, yet it will serve to explain Schleiermacher's fame as a preacher. Also, it makes it somewhat difficult to understand Carlyle's fling at "Platonic Schleiermacher, sharp, crabbed, shrunken, with his wiredrawn logic, his sarcasms, his sly malicious ways," unless this gushing creature was one thing in the pulpit and another out of it. The best of the sermons in this volume is that preached on the calling out of the Landwehr in 1813. It is a fine patriotic effusion; the occasion was well calculated to call forth exalted sentiments, and here, at least, the sentiments rest upon a solid foundation.

An annotated translation of the historical works of Eusebius, by Drs. McGiffert and Richardson, forms the first volume of the new series of the "Select Library of Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers," published under the supervision of Dr. Wace and Dr. Schaff. It contains the Church History, the Life of Constantine, and Oration in Praise of Constantine, with very full notes, indices, and elaborate prolegomena. A special feature of the book



is the care that has been bestowed on bibliography; the account of the sources and literature relating to Constantine fills eleven large pages. The translation, wherever we have tested it, is careful and scholarly. The only passage we have noted as certainly calling for alteration is in ii. 17, 8, where the words, "the best men from every quarter emigrate as if to a colony of the Therapeutæ's fatherland," should unquestionably run, "set out to a colony of Therapeutæ as to their native home." Here Dr. McGiffert appears to have been misled by an unintelligible remark of Professor Schürer's. The notes are very full, especially on all points touching the history of the canon, and put the reader in possession of the very latest speculations and discoveries. Dr. McGiffert hardly does justice to the laborious and praiseworthy edition of Heinichen, which in many places he follows very closely. Nor is he altogether free from the fault which besets commentators on Eusebius—that of handing on notes without testing their accuracy. Thus, Havercamp's error in quoting Cicero's *Separatim memo habesit deos* as an actual law is repeated (p. 106), and the statement of Valesius that the Senate was not a judicial court under the Emperors (p. 240) might have been corrected by a reference to Mr. Furneaux's edition of the *Annals* of Tacitus, where we are told that "in practice the Senate becomes under Tiberius by far the most important criminal tribunal of the State." Another question which Dr. McGiffert does not treat with a firm hand is that of the Hebrew Matthew. In one place or another he demolishes all the positive evidence that St. Matthew's Gospel had a Hebrew progenitor, yet he appears, in company with the "majority of critics," to regard the Hebrew *Ur-Matthæus* as something more than a mere working hypothesis. However, it is difficult to give such a mass of information as is provided in these notes without affording loopholes to criticism. The editors have accomplished their task with admirable industry and fair judgment, and are so scrupulous in giving their authorities, that no careful reader can go far astray. The book is one that every student of early Church history will do well to have within his reach.

Bishop Lightfoot by his will created a trust to which was transferred the copyright of certain of his works. The profits of publication were to be devoted to church purposes within the diocese of Durham. Two volumes of sermons have been issued by the trustees—*Ordination Addresses and Counsels to Clergy and Leaders in the Northern Church*. The first contains the Bishop's charges to ordination candidates and two sets of addresses—one delivered at annual gatherings of Auckland College, the other at meetings of Oxford and Cambridge tutors in Ely Cathedral and Cuddesdon College. The second treats of the great heroes of church history in the North, Aidan, Oswald, Hilda, Outhbert, Bede, Richard de Bury, Gilpin, Cosin, and Butler. In each case the Bishop gives not a full biography, but the leading traits of character. Both volumes, it is hardly necessary to say, are admirable. Few can speak like Bishop Lightfoot, whether he is pointing the lessons of ecclesiastical history, or whether he is pressing upon his clergy the manifold duties of their office. Both volumes give incidentally a clear view of Bishop Lightfoot's own position—a position marked out for him neither by habit, prejudice, nor emotion, but by calm, reverent, and scientific inquiry. We have received also a third volume, entitled *Sermons by Bishop Lightfoot*. It is not published by the trustees, yet it contains the apparently copyright sermon on Butler. This sermon is incorrectly given from a shorthand report, and the paper and printing are such as would have inflicted a real shock upon Bishop Lightfoot, who happened to be extremely fastidious in such matters.

In *Some Central Points of Our Lord's Ministry* Dr. Wace takes a number of the chief events, miracles, or sayings in the Gospel, and asks what light they throw on the character or mission of our Lord. The volume is, in fact, a collection of Lincoln's Inn sermons, and practical reflections, always apt and well chosen, are not wanting; but the main object of the writer is "to enter into the actual meaning of the Saviour's words and deeds." Readers whose taste is not spoiled by over-indulgence in views will find these grave and simple papers full of instruction. Dr. Wace dwells by preference on familiar topics—the importance of Scripture to the Saviour and to us, the Temptation, the Gospel of Suffering, and so on—and on each finds something to say, which, if not exactly novel, is so put 'as to be well worth hearing again. Is he quite right in finding in the Sermon on the Mount an assurance that God "will bestow upon us, not only all that is requisite for the necessities of life, but all that is desirable for its comfort, its grace, and even its splendour"? Doubtless art, science, and glory are good things for humanity, and will continue to be objects of legitimate endeavour. And in the Old Testament they are promised to the nation that seeks after righteousness. Doubtless, also, Christianity has fostered them all. But Dr. Wace goes so far as to say that they are actually promised to Christians in the sentence about "Solomon in all his glory."

The story of the great battle about the date and authenticity of the Four Gospels cannot be too often repeated. Everybody knows that there was a great battle, and that the "Apologists" did not get the worst of it; but few appreciate clearly the peculiar tactics of the assault or the skill and decisiveness of the defence. In *The Living Christ and the Four Gospels* Dr. Dale goes once more over the ground that has of late been so often trodden, and shows how clear and full is the recognition of the canonical Evangelists by the Fathers of the second century. There is

nothing that is strictly new in the volume; but the conclusions of Lightfoot, Westcott, Salmon, Sanday, and Wace are adapted with great skill to the requirements of an intelligent town congregation. Dr. Dale is undoubtedly right in insisting that the evidences—that is to say, the book evidences—of religion ought to be approached in the proper spirit. What Aristotle required in the student of moral philosophy is essential also in the student of religion. He must have a real love of the subject or all argument is vain. The chapters in which Dr. Dale develops this truth are written in his best style and are very stirring. The critical and historical portion of the work is full and accurate, and brings into relief just those points where the untrained reader is apt to get puzzled. For instance, nothing is more disappointing at first sight than the meagreness of the evidences of the use of our Gospels in the earlier part of the second century. Yet if we look a little deeper the very indirectness and slenderness of the testimony adds enormously to its weight. If new Gospels had been substituted for old ones, or if there had been any change in the fundamental teaching of the Church, the whole Empire from Gaul to Asia would have rung with protests, and the world would not have contained the pamphlets that would have been written. This is admirably brought out by Dr. Dale in his paper on Polycarp.

*The Life of St. Thomas Aquinas*, edited by Father Cavanagh, appears to be a translation or adaptation—the preface does not clearly state which—of the "eloquent and popular Life of the saint by the Dominican Père Joyau." Father Cavanagh's work is too eloquent and popular; written for good young ladies from the point of view of the hagiologist. Aquinas is so striking a figure, and the times in which he lived—the times of the mendicant friars, of the rise of the Paris University, and of the desperate struggle between the Church and the newly-imported Pantheistic Aristotelianism—are so interesting, that a really good and yet popular Life of the great Dominican would be well worth writing. Father Cavanagh addresses himself to the wrong audience, and misses his chance accordingly.

The famous Bampton Lectures of Dr. Liddon, on *The Divinity of Our Lord*, have reached the fourteenth edition. The special feature of the new issue is a preface, containing a very fine criticism of Dr. Martineau's *Seat of Authority in Religion*. Dr. Liddon points out that the modern Socinian "chemistry" involves the rejection of the words "Come unto me all ye weary," "since it is truly felt that the unspeakable tenderness of this invitation is associated with an attitude on the part of the speaker which places Him by implication outside and above the circle of our common humanity."

Those who delight in religious biography should read the *Life of Bishop Rawle*, of Trinidad. It is the record of a singularly modest, amiable, and devoted man, who began life by taking a brilliant double-first at Cambridge, and ended it ministering to coolies, negroes, and lepers in a West Indian island. Bishop Rawle gave up everything, and would not let the world think that he had given up anything. The book is one of many answers to those who imagine that the "great renunciation" is rare in the English Church.

The Roman Catholic ideal of the saintly life is sketched in a brief memoir of *Valentine Riant*, a young French lady, an only daughter, who "entered religion" and died at the age of nineteen of consumption, quickened by "discipline."

In "Men of the Bible" series, Dr. Lang of the Barony Church, Glasgow, narrates the history of *Gideon and the Judges*. The history is written clearly, sensibly, and picturesquely, and the permanent religious aspect of the story is brought out with sincerity and moderation.

*By the Mystery of Thy Holy Incarnation* is the title of a refined and thoughtful handbook of meditation on Christmas topics, by the author of the *Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family*. To the same class belong *Mors et Vita*, by Mrs. Skeey, which dwells on the lessons of bereavement; *Daily Strength for Daily Needs*, an anthology of texts, verses, and wise thoughts, for every day of the year; *Tests of Holy Living*, six short practical sermons, with too many capitals and italics, by the Rev. F. A. Ormsby; and *Holy Seasons*, a volume of not untuneful verse, chiefly on the Christian Year, by the late Canon Tylecote and his daughter.

We have received also *Hymns for School Worship*, intended for use in girls' schools, and selected by Miss Woods, mistress of the Clifton High School; *Plain Sermons*, by the Rev. T. A. Fuller-Maitland; *Where is Christ?* by the Rev. H. B. Chapman; *The Rise of Christendom*, by Edwin Johnson, M.A.; *A Handbook of Scientific and Literary Bible Difficulties*, by Robert Tuck, B.A.; and a volume containing the first year's issue of *The Expository Times*.

#### OPERA PLOTS.\*

IT is related of Signor Bagagiolo, whose big bass voice used to sound sonorously at Covent Garden a few years ago, that once when he was supposed to be representing the King in *Hamlet* he was urged by an intelligent stage-manager to exhibit some signs of terror. He declined on the ground that it would be undignified in a king to be afraid of anything, and continued to

\* *The Standard Opera Glass*; containing the Selected Plots of Ninety-five Celebrated Operas. By Charles Annesley. Fourth edition. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

comport himself with a wooden stolidity which, as his explanation seemed to show, was intended for a regal bearing. On the operatic stage there are not a few vocalists with no more idea of interpreting character than was possessed by the good-humoured bass, and there is reason to believe that for this cause a good many regular visitors to the opera-houses have but a very faint idea of the plots of many well-known works. To such persons this little book will be useful, for it must surely enhance the pleasure of listening to an opera to know what it is all about. The work is not well done. Mr. Annesley does not write in a graphic or effective style, and from the criticism he passes on most of the compositions he describes we often differ. He expresses himself in a way which suggests that at times he does not convey the meaning he desires to put forward, and obviously he cannot have seen and heard, or at any rate seen and heard with understanding, some of the operas of which he writes; but nevertheless his recitals of plots do give a general notion of the stories.

When a writer tells us that the *Barbiere* is Rossini's "best work," we desire to know wherein it is superior to *Guillaume Tell*. Turning to our critic for information on this point, we read that "the last opera of Rossini's is his most perfect work"; so that the most perfect is not the best, and the best is not the most perfect. Both, in fact, are masterpieces in different styles; but it will be seen that Mr. Annesley uses words loosely, as a critic should not use them. The failure of Berlioz to achieve more than a *succès d'estime* with his *Benvenuto Cellini* is attributed to the fact that he was "too scientific"; but this does not describe the truth. Berlioz was no more scientific than Beethoven or Mozart; but their science covered inspiration and feeling for melody, in which the laborious score of Berlioz's work is sometimes lacking. The author is too much given to blunt assertion; as, for instance, when he says of Boieldieu's *La Dame Blanche* that it "is the *chef d'œuvre* of all comic operas in French, as Mozart's *Figaro* is in German." The *Nozze* is what Mr. Annesley describes; but if asked to name the *chef d'œuvre* of French comic opera, we should begin to think of Auber, and should probably find no good cause to assign a secondary place to *Fra Diavolo*. M. Gounod's *Faust* is for some reason placed under the head of *Marguerite*, and of the four works of Donizetti admitted among the ninety-five, *Don Pasquale* is included and *La Favorita* omitted, though the latter is certainly by far the better known of the two. Mr. Annesley is not a safe guide as regards the music of Wagner, and informs his readers, in speaking of the *Fliegende Holländer*, that "the songs which well imitate the hurricane and the howling of the ocean he himself heard during an awful storm at sea." There is an orchestral description of a tempest in the overture, but the songs which imitate hurricanes and howls exist—happily for hearers—in Mr. Annesley's imagination.

*Fra Diavolo* is set down as only "a nice little opera," and not equal in beauty and perfection to the *Muette de Portici*. Perfection is perfection, and does not differ in degree; but *Masaniello*, which has the plot of a grand opera, cannot be compared with the delightful comedy of *Fra Diavolo* for the reason that they appeal to different sentiments. We are not ready to accept *Les Huguenots* as distinctly the best of Meyerbeer's operas, and on looking to see what is said of *Donizetti*, we find that this charming work is not mentioned. We have Chabrier's *A King against his Will*, Förster's *Maidens of Schilda*, Kienzl's *Urcasi*, Kretschmer's *Folkungs* and *Henry the Lion*, Lindner's *Master Thief*, three works by Marschner, Perfall's *Sunkel Heinz*, Reinecke's *Auf hohen Befehl*, four by Lortzing, in addition to *Czar und Zimmermann*, which deserves its place; but no *Donizetti*, and no *L'Etoile du Nord*; nor is there a word about Verdi's *Ernani*, Rossini's *Cenerentola*, *Tancredi* or *Otello*, Bizet's *Pêcheurs de Perles*, Gounod's *Médecin malgré lui*. The name of Cherubini is not mentioned, and of modern composers, Massenet, Ponchielli, and Boito are ignored, while Herr Brüll is allowed a place. The *Golden Cross* is not a good or successful work, and Boito's *Mefistofele* is one of the most striking of modern compositions, the absence of which during Signor Lago's late series of performances we much regret; for it will bring its own reward to the impresario who seeks to popularize it. In fact, it is impossible to trace any plan of selection in the construction of Mr. Annesley's inadequate book.

#### THE JEYPORE PORTFOLIO.\*

SIX goodly volumes or, rather, portfolios of architectural details, bear the same relation to the temples and palaces of which they are portions, as the thigh-bone of some antediluvian animal does to the complete skeleton restored by Professor Owen. They are due entirely to the munificence of the Maharaja Siwai Madhu Sing, the present chief of the Rajput Principality of Jaipur. In the beginning of the last century the head of this State was a scholar and a profound mathematician, who founded an observatory at Ajmir, and whose fame was such that he was given by his countrymen the appellation of "Siwai," the native term for one and a quarter; as we should rather put it, he was "a man and a half." The Maharaja at whose

expense these costly drawings have been executed deserves to bear the title bestowed on his ancestor. The marble palaces, the ancient forts, the lovely gardens and the clear lakes of Rajputana, have been often visited in these days, by the aid of railways, by ten tourists for one who explored the country in the days of Bishop Heber. They have been sketched and photographed by professionals and amateurs. But no one seems to have thought of taking the structures to pieces, as it were, and treating each portion artistically on a regular plan. As Quintilian said of the department of Satire in Roman literature, that it owed nothing to Grecian writers, the Maharaja is fairly entitled to claim this production as all his own, and owing nothing to British example. The sketches have been made by native workmen trained in the School of Art and in the office of the executive engineer. It is acknowledged that aid and countenance have been freely and judiciously given by Sir E. Buck, the Secretary to the Government of India in the Agricultural Department, by Colonel Jacob the Political Agent, by Mr. Cousens and Mr. Purdon Clarke, and by Dr. Burgess, Director-General of the Archaeological Department. But a native gentleman might fairly boast that the gods who dwell on high have given such cunning to the Hindu; to Sohun Lall and to Bhora Mull, to Bhairab Baksh and to Ram Pratap. We note, too, that the Minister of the Maharaja is a Brahman from Lower Bengal, who is far better employed in developing art than in talking nonsense at Congresses like several of his countrymen; that the head draftsman is a native gentleman; and that the workmanship is a genuine indigenous product.

There are six divisions of the subject:—(1) Copings and plinths; (2) Pillars, caps and bases; (3) Carved doors; (4) Brackets; (5) Arches; (6) Balustrades. The plates number in all 374, being an average of sixty for each division. There is naturally a certain similitude apparent at first sight; but a closer inspection reveals the individuality of each part, and justifies the separate classification of the whole. It is scarcely possible to speak too highly of the accuracy, precision, and beauty of almost every plate. Whatever may have been the errors or vices of Rajas and Nawabs in the exercise of despotic power, restrained only by fears of assassination, they were no Philistines in accurate perceptions of the beauty of art. Every style is here to be seen, from that of classic severity to profuse ornament. There are pillars which a Greek architect might have designed; solid structures such as a Roman Emperor might have erected to commemorate an imperial triumph; marble tracery, pure or inlaid, of which an Italian craftsman working under the patronage of the house of Medici would not have been ashamed. The history of centuries of independent rule and of Muhammadan conquest may be read in temples, palaces, mosques, and shrines. The red sandstone shows only occasional signs of decay. The network of marble seems to defy heat and damp, and looks as pure and chaste as when it was designed some three centuries ago. The student of archaeology can follow every development of the Mussulman style, and can put his finger on the first building to which some daring innovator gave the narrow-necked dome or the four towers attached to the four angles of the main building. We have the severe and simple decorations of the houses of Ghoris and Lodis, the splendid fabrics due to the memories of Humayun and the lofty genius of Akbar, and the highly finished but less imposing Mahals of the reign of Shah Jahan, which fill the tourist with delight, though they may be depreciated by the stern critic. The Maharaja has nowhere more shown his enlightenment than by his allotment of a considerable space to the architecture of these ruthless invaders, who never scrupled to incorporate the materials of a temple in one of their mosques, and who occasionally condescended to admit a high-born Rajputni princess to the imperial Zenana. But many of the plates illustrate portions of Hindu palaces, gateways, and temples. Here, of course, are introduced the figures of gods and animals which excited the anger and contempt of the followers of Islam. Deities sit with long pendant arms; elephants' heads support brackets; and two of these animals are models of the originals with distinct names. Trumpeters are blowing their horns, peacocks display their gorgeous plumage, and pillars and brackets are cut, carved, and ornamented with a richness and profusion which bewilder the eye.

It is now a pleasure rather than a duty to specify some of the buildings to which particular attention is directed by the short descriptive notes in each portfolio. All Oriental sovereigns have been in the habit of abandoning their capital cities and building new palaces elsewhere, regardless of expense. The old spots had ceased to attract, or some untoward event had occurred there, or a vow had to be redeemed, or the caprice of a reigning favourite had to be gratified. This is especially remarkable in the case of Jaipur. The old capital of this State was at Amber, five miles from the modern town. Amber is situated at the mouth of a rocky gorge, on the margin of a lake, and in the centre of a range of low hills. It had been the residence of the Chiefs from the beginning of the eleventh century. Early in the eighteenth century the Chief the famous Siwai Sing, the first bearer of that title, laid out a new capital at Jaipur. This "is in many respects the finest of modern Hindu cities," and it is, perhaps, the "the only one built on a regular plan." The main street or Chouk is superior, some think, to the Chandni Chouk at Delhi. A crenelated wall of masonry, twenty feet high, surrounds the town, which is well paved, supplied with good water, and lighted by gas. Unfortunately in architecture there

\* *Jeyapore Portfolio of Architectural Details*. In Six Parts. Prepared under the supervision of Colonel S. S. Jacob, Bombay Staff Corps, Engineer to the Jeyapore State, and Lala Ram Baksh, Draftsman, Jeyapore; and photographed by W. Griggs, Hanover Street, Peckham, London. Under the patronage of H.H. Maharaja Siwai Madhu Sing, G.C.S.I. of Jeyapore.



is a falling off. Here stucco replaces the pure marble and the red sandstone of Amber. Here we have the Dewan-i-Khass, a private hall of audience, with some pillars of yellowish-white marble and additions of red sandstone; the Jas Mandir or Temple of Fame, in reality a palace; the Bhat's Mandir or Temple of the Bard; the Temple of Jagat Sarwanji, and the Temple of Kalyanji—which we take to be the Temple of Fortune—and other buildings of the Hindu type, occasionally varied by the introduction of Muhammadan patterns. At Jaipur we have the Pitham Nibās, or Palace; and the Sukh Nibās, or "Abode of Pleasure"; the Ganesh Pol, or Elephant Gate, and the cenotaph of the great mathematical and astronomical Sovereign and founder of the city. At Udaipur, Kotah, Harsha in Jaipur, and Sanjaner are other remains well worthy of the elaborate care bestowed on them in Portfolios I. and II. Ajmir, a small isolated British Province in Rajputana, has a mosque made out of a Jain temple, which is known by the name of *Arhai-din-ka-Jhompra*, or "shed of two days and a half," from a tradition that about the year 1200 A.D. it was finished by the orders of the Conqueror in the above short space of time.

Turning to purely Muhammadan specimens, we find a great variety of designs from the tomb of Nizam-Ud-din near Delhi; the tomb of Ihtimad-Ud-Doulah at Agra; and, of course, from Fatehpur Sikri, some twenty-two miles from the latter place. Nizam-Ud-din was a Mussulman saint, who died in 1324 and who reposes in a tomb of white marble, to which have been added arches and a colonnade of a later date. This tomb, in fact, is one of a whole collection of tombs and mosques. Pilgrims from all parts of India, we are told, still flock to it. Ihtimad-Ud-Doulah was by birth a Tartar, who came to India in the reign of Akbar, and was the father of the celebrated Nur Jahan Begum. She became the wife of Jahangir, Akbar's successor, and is often confounded with Mumtaz Begum and the Taj Mahal. This Tartar founded a Madrassa or college at Delhi, and lies in a mausoleum at Agra, on the left bank of the Jumna, in a garden which he made in his lifetime. The editor notes correctly that it was the habit of Muhammadan dignitaries to convert places intended for their own sepulture into places of pleasure and recreation during their lives, and there to receive their friends, who were expected to regard such spots as sacred after death. It is said that the English habit of giving picnics and garden-parties at the Taj and similar places has been a stumbling-block and a scandal to devout Mussulmans. Fatehpur Sikri should be studied for weeks together, and not for a day or two, as is generally the case. Here, with the exception of the tomb of Sheikh Selim Chisti, the edifices are mostly of red sandstone. There is the inevitable Hall of Private Audience, the Panch Mahal or Pavilion with five storeys, on the topmost of which the Emperor Akbar used to sit in the evening and enjoy the breeze that, for a portion of the year, must have had much more of fiery heat than of coolness; the separate apartments of a favourite Sultana; the quarters assigned to Jodh Bhai, a princess of the ancient house of Udaipur, married to the Emperor; and the building allotted to Bir Bal, a Hindu general who attracted the notice of Akbar from his polished manners and elegant wit, and who eventually fell in an expedition against some tribes on the North-West frontier, the grave of many a gallant soldier then and since. Not many years ago the tomb of Sheikh Selim was in charge of a respectable white-bearded Muhammadan, who claimed to be the ninth in descent from a favourite servant of the Sheikh himself. That several of the plates should represent portions of Humayun's tomb and of the Taj was to be expected. The omission of these structures—solid, splendid, and ornate—would indeed have surprised us. But we find fully as much to interest from a purely antiquarian point of view, in places of less note, which the ordinary tourist and perhaps the district officer would not notice. Plate 60, in Portfolio No. IV., is a Bracket from the house of Ram Lall Darzi at Agra. It is solid and substantial. On one side there is an elephant with the mahout and his assistant. We should have wished for some information about this fashionable tailor. It may remind some readers of the tomb of the baker Eurysaces at Rome, just outside one of the gates. The monument survives, like the house of the tailor of Agra, when those of heroes and kings have crumbled away. A village near Delhi known as Arab Sarai or Caravanseraï, takes its name from a colony of some three hundred Arabs, who were brought from Mecca by Hadji Begum in 1560, after the death of her husband, the Emperor Humayun. These foreigners were comfortably established in a walled village. The specimen of the bracket—the edifice is not named—is of the severe and strict type, in red sandstone, which distinguished the period of Muhammadan supremacy. The Purana Kila or old fort at Delhi itself is pronounced to be in the best style of Pathan architecture at a date prior to the great Akbar and his son. If out of the artistic wealth to be found in this collection we were asked to make a selection, we should point to Nos. 54 and 55 in Portfolio No. IV. They are illustrations of the luxurious fancy of the artist; but it is quite possible that connoisseurs might prefer other samples of a less decorative and more chastened style. Occasionally the collection takes us away from Imperial Delhi and the chivalry of the Rajputs to more distant scenes. In Part VI. we have three plates, one of the balustrades at the tomb of Rani Sipara or Sipri, at Ahmedabad, and two from the mosque of Mahafiz Khan at the same place. We hope that no sentimental or quasi-religious feelings will be shocked by the announcement that several of these magnificent monu-

ments have been repaired by the orders of Viceroy's of our own time. Lord Mayo and Lord Northbrook gave directions for the repairs of the Saman Burj or Jasmine Tower at Delhi; and it is well known that a sudden rising of the river Jumna has more than once made administrators to indent on the Agra Treasury for the safety of the Taj. *Ire dejectum monumenta regis* was a threat which stirred magistrates and engineers to liberal exertions for the preservation of a structure unique in the whole world. We note a few discrepancies between the letterpress and the plates which were, perhaps, unavoidable. In one the buildings are said to be at Agra, and in another they are at Delhi; or they are at Fatehpur Sikri in one, and at Agra in the other. We apprehend that the letterpress gives the correct spot. Whether the publication of this valuable work will persuade the various Departments of Public Works to study elegance of design in their estimates, we cannot tell. We do not look for artistic sentry-boxes, for *kacheris* of Pathan type, and for Dawk Bungalows or Rest-houses which shall gratify the aesthetic as well as the jaded and dusty traveller. But as to the liberality and taste with which this splendid collection has been prepared there cannot be a question. And a good deal of the credit must be assigned to Mr. Griggs, who, in this country, has faithfully reproduced the drawings made by the native artists on the spot. It has appropriately been presented to Sir G. Birdwood at the India Office, whose discriminating patronage of the subject is well known.

## IBSENIANA.\*

IT is a pity that the book which Mrs. Bell (for the bulk and the prose of it) and Mr. Gosse (for the poetical extracts) have translated with unusual skill and care is not a better book. An "authoritative" biography of a living man is rarely good; for it is too obviously and necessarily written under respect of persons. But Herr Henrik Jaeger is feeble even among the feeble folk of during-life biographers, ludicrous even as a member of that funny Molehill Alpine Club which laboriously ascends the twopenny-halfpenny heights of small literatures, and thinks that it has scaled Shakspeare or Aconcagua. He has all the silly modern tricks of pottering about a man's grandfathers and great-aunts—as if the heredity explanation were more than a hit-or-miss hypothesis, a rule to which exceptions are the most important part. His book is confused in arrangement; childish in criticism. At the same time he is, though irritating, very harmless and not unamiable, and he gives a good deal of fugitive information about his idol, diluted with the chronicle of not a little small beer, such as that Ibsen rarely or never works in the winter (lucky they who can pick and choose their hours and seasons of work!), that he drinks coffee and smokes short pipes, but eats only bread when he is, as the scoffer says, "took ill with a poem," and so forth. Perhaps we have been harsh to Herr Jaeger, but his is a most provoking kind.

Meanwhile two more volumes of the dramatist's works, as edited by Mr. William Archer, have appeared. The third deals hardly at all with the Ibsen who has captivated the lovers of some new thing. *Fru Inger* ("Lady Inger" seems to us exceedingly awkward), *At ostrat*, *The Vikings at Helgeland*, and *The Pretenders*, attempt no problems of modern life. They are, it is true, even more difficult to conceive of as stage plays than the modern series; but there is nothing startlingly novel in their kind except that even in them a certain deliberate eccentricity of character-drawing—a style of personal motive which is rather like that common in the plays of Mr. Browning—may be discerned. Otherwise they are long dramatized romans d'aventures, much more mediæval in style than some avowedly or would-be mediæval modernities. Sometimes they are fairly close to history, sometimes fairly close to legend, sometimes they take liberties with both. But always they have the panoramic and passing character which is specially mediæval. *The Pretenders*, with the striking figure of Jarl Skule, is probably the most remarkable of them; but they seem to us to have lost by translation much more than the more debateable series.

The fourth volume, containing the two parts of *Emperor and Galilean* (the translation is revised or re-written by Mr. Archer, from an earlier one), affords work of very different character and merits very different treatment. There are those, we believe, who hold this vast and, to tell the truth, somewhat overgrown drama, or pair of dramas, to be the author's masterpiece, and we are not far from being of their opinion. It has, indeed, many of his defects, of those defects which it is not too much to say, from the point of view of cool and catholic criticism, will always prevent Ibsen from being accorded by such criticism a place among the greatest writers. His terrible lack of proportion, and what we have above called the mediæval weakness of carrying on the action panorama-fashion, rather than as one carries it who deliberately com-

\* *The Life of Henrik Ibsen*. Translated from Henrik Jaeger by Clara Bell and Edmund Gosse. London: Heinemann. 1890.  
*Henrik Ibsen's Prose Dramas*. Edited by W. Archer. London: Walter Scott. Vols. III. & IV. 1890.  
*Ghosts*. Translated by H. Frances Lord. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1890.  
*Nora*. Translated by H. Frances Lord. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1890.

poses a well-ordered picture, are observable, indeed glaring. That example of *Faust* which seems to have impressed itself so deeply on all the Northern nations is here perhaps more corruptly followed than in any other instance known to us. We have not a beginning, middle, and end of a dramatic presentation of Julian, but a series of dissolving views of Julian's soul, its atmosphere, and its companions at different periods; an interesting thing enough, no doubt, but as art (because as difficulty surmounted) a thousand miles below the great dramatic models, not merely in execution, but in conception. We have, too, that "obsession" by a passing study, fancy, fad, or whatever it is to be called, which is another mark of inferior art. At one time or other during the many years in which *Emperor and Galilean* was a-composing, Ibsen, as any student of Schopenhauer can see, evidently came much under the influence of that amiable philosopher. And accordingly we are pestered in parts, if not throughout, with a pother of words about "willing," "freedmen under necessity," and the like. Yet, again, in parts, or rather throughout, the action is exceedingly confused, and the passion by no means extremely clear. Whether from pudibundity (which is not a usual fault of his), or from sheer inability to rise to and express the occasion, the dramatist has, at least as presented by his translator, made a complete mess of the central situation, the horrible death of Helena, and its effect of revulsion on Julian's religious and political loyalty. Not only is there a good deal of obscurity in the actual description of what happened, but the infinite talking about it and about it, the watering down of incident with dialogue which is the fault of the whole double play, is nowhere more conspicuous than here. One is perpetually struck with the thought "Here is a man who has got a mass of the most excellent material together, but who, partly because he really does not know how to build, and partly because he has not resolution enough to discard what is not strictly necessary, has hardly achieved a building at all."

These are grievous faults, and by no means the only ones in *Emperor and Galilean*. And yet it remains an exceedingly remarkable work. That a translated "world-historic drama" (the tell-tale and rather damning compound adjective is in the title filling three hundred and fifty pages, and suffering from all the defects above noted, should be yet of such interest as to make the reader read it through without any but forced pauses, must count for a good deal. The interest which secures this result is of two kinds. First, there is—as in all Ibsen's better work, and especially in his work before he became a social reformer, and when he lets social reform alone—plenty of force and vigour now and then in detached characters, scenes, and even, through the disadvantages of translation, passages. To separate a few of these for notice is not easy, considering that not only the pages but the personages of the drama or dramas count by hundreds. But the figures of Gregory Nazianzen and Basil of Caesarea, of Basil's sister Macrina, of Libanius, of the minor sophists and parasites who crowd round Julian, are very well drawn. Helena misses, but only just misses, equal success. The Athenian student passage is lively, the incantation scene with Maximus fair, that between Julian and the envoy of Constantius, when had the Cæsar hesitated he was lost, excellent. So also are some of the Antioch scenes, and notably that famous one with the priest of Cybele and his goose. The end suffers from Ibsen's besetting sin, and is distinctly confused; but even in its confusion it has pathos.

These merits, however, would probably not be sufficient to carry even the well-girt reader, strong to push his way through thickets, and perhaps agile to make a little jump here and there where a jump is obviously desirable, through three hundred and fifty pages of prolix and often verbose dramatic romance. There must be some central interest to do that, and this central interest could in the circumstances only be the presentation of the hero. If Ibsen had not succeeded in getting some grasp of that singular character, in explaining its contradictions, and in rendering it in some way credible to the reader, his cake must have been dough. A man at once exceptionally able and exceptionally childish; an apostle of tolerance and a persecutor; an apostate, while possessing what looks like the very temperament for Christianity; in more ways than one; a skilful general and a kind of Greek-Roman Braddock—Julian is at once an attraction and a puzzle. The presentation of him here, as we have said, has nothing like the final artistic touch even in itself, and after doing the author the rather excessive service of clearing away the surplus matter, the chips, the thrums, the waste pieces with which he has wantonly left it covered. It lacks unity as much as it lacks completeness and finish. But it is there. Although he is nowhere so summed up, Julian is presented to us in effect as one who is always wanting better bread than is made of wheat, and always awaking to the fact that he has filled his mouth with chaff and ashes. He tries Christianity and stumbles at the weaknesses of Christians; he flings himself into study, and finds that study is words, and students too often men of double language and double face; he tries love with the peculiar ardour of *les cœurs braves*, and loses his beloved in circumstances which make even the past possession of her a subject for gnashing of teeth. He undertakes to regenerate the world and restore the gods, only to find that the world laughs or yawns at him, and the gods apparently take no heed; he tries theurgy, and, in sure confidence of a private revelation, is juggled to death by a play of words. Whether Ibsen would himself acknowledge this Flaubertian motive as his, we do not know. Mr. Archer attempts no criticism, and Herr Jaeger, who seems rather afraid of the play, is more

than usually inefficient; but we think it is the true explanation, and it certainly has given interest to our own reading.

Miss Lord's translations of *Gengangere* and *The Doll's House* (which it is rather a contravention of the author's scheme to call *Nora*) are not new books, and do not require much notice, especially as we have discussed the two plays very fully in previous articles. We sympathize with Miss Lord's mild resignation to her own belief that she in effect fished up this murex, with which others have since been playing such azure feats; but that is the way of the world. We wish, too, that we could take Miss Lord's prefaces a little more seriously; for she is evidently a good simple soul, who takes both them and things in general very seriously indeed herself. But she is really almost too perfect an example of the stuff Ibsenites are made of. "The key to real life," says Miss Lord very gravely, "is the sex-cleavage of the soul for its course of evolution, and the harvest it makes meanwhile through successive lives." May the devil admire us if we have more than the ghost of an idea of her dear meaning! And "Karma," she says, and "heredity," and "Ibsen himself is a woman soul who has taken man's form for his work's sake." Regina, too, we learn, "took woman's form to mitigate the impact of blows in life," a course which as the records of London police-courts tell, alas! is very insufficient for the purpose. "The travesty of sex," we learn further, "always entails a dulling of intentions." And Miss Lord is sadly distressed at Mr. Besant; and she thinks Nora "has sterling worth," and she is sure that "certain restrictions on human knowledge have come to a natural end," and she is altogether a delightful person from the humorous side; though, like most things delightful from the humorous side, she may be rather a subject for rueful contemplation when one quits the humorous point of view.

#### HAPPY THOUGHTS.\*

THERE can be no room for doubt that the true Burnandian holds this, the fourth volume of the uniform illustrated edition of Mr. Burnand's writings, as first in his affection. The book contains *Happy Thoughts* and *More Happy Thoughts*, and most happy thoughts, also; of which, by the way, the elective disposition is sufficiently developed in us to decide the order of precedence. Our precedence does not involve the hard and invidious task of preference. Naturally, as of old, we start once more with the introduction of that delightful creation Boodels. But no sooner does Boodels hold us than that exquisite creation Milburd reappears and we capitulate to both. There is really no choice in the matter. And for him who would revive a joyous time, the days when he read *Happy Thoughts* week by week in *Punch*, there is no diversion that may be more confidently recommended than the re-reading of this volume. Time has not withered, nor can any amount of re-printing stale, the ease, the gaiety, the freshness, of these humorous scenes at the home of Boodels (of Boodels); or in the halls of Bover Castle; or in the field, hunting with the fair Fridoline. We fondly conceive we have our most happy thoughts at the start, when so enamoured of Boodels and Milburd are we that we fall into an amorous paradox, distracted by the diverse yet equal claims of these rivals. We could love our Boodels less, loved we our Milburd more. And in this pleasant mood we are entertained by the reading of "Typical Developments" to Boodels, the appeals for the "exact time," the evolution—through Milburd—of "Typical Developments" into "Biblical Elephants," and the dread visit to the bedchamber by Boodels, with his recitations from that periodical of promising title, "The Piccadilliant Magazine." Surely here are the most happy thoughts of our election. But it is not so. We progress, scene after scene enchanting us, only to find more most happy thoughts, and yet more, to the very end. The serious student of English country life and society will not have laughed in vain should he not fail to note how valuable a record of a yet recent, but wholly irrecoverable, past is comprised in these amusing pages. The "Happy Thought" prime of Boodels, Childers, Milburd, and Fridoline was the age of croquet. That fascinating and revived pastime is unveiled by a past master of the craft. And the whist-playing and the pianoforte-playing are not of our day. And so with the fashion of speech, of manner, of drawing-room small talk—all, all would have gone, but for this impartial chronicler. The historian will surely take heed of all this. And to this end the clever illustrations of Mr. Harry Furniss and Mr. Linley Sambourne are often extremely helpful. These drawings need but to be named to stir mirth at the instant. There is Boodels awakening the "Happy Thoughter," with the cheerful blast of the horn and the yelping of four small dogs, and there is "Miss Pellingle with Rousseau's Dream," an air we never hear without recalling the gentle agitation of this performance as depicted by Mr. Harry Furniss. There never were silhouettes like unto them, silhouettes with such power of line and so much "body."

#### THE CRUISE OF THE ALERTE.†

"PIECES of Eight," as Mr. Joseph Esquemeling, the buccaneer, says, "do not grow on every tree." After so many fictitious and successful treasure hunts, young readers may wisely

\* *Happy Thoughts*. By F. C. Burnand. With illustrations from "Punch." London: Bradbury, Agnew & Co. 1890.

† *The Cruise of the "Alerte."* By E. F. Knight. London: Longmans. 1890.



read of a treasure hunt which was real and unsuccessful. Pieces of Eight and church plate do not grow on the desert isle of Trinidad, or, if they do grow, Mr. Knight did not uproot them. Nobody else is likely to succeed where he failed, and he has demonstrated the unwisdom of putting enterprise and capital into the chase for fairy gold.

Mr. Knight's expedition was perfectly orthodox, chart and all. First, there was a sea-captain, Captain P., who had employed a quartermaster, believed to be a Russian Finn. We know not how much of charm there is in this nationality. A Russian Finn who had been a pirate, and who knew where the church plate of Lima was buried, how good he is! Nature, in her eternal plagiarism of art, produced this masterpiece of living romance. The Russian Finn pirate died, and left Captain P. a piece of old tarpaulin, with a plan of the *cache* in Trinidad thereon delineated. The treasure was "under the Sugar-loaf." From constant study of the best authorities, that is just where we might have expected it to be. But the treasure is hopelessly "bunkered"; young men may "mash with mashies," but they will never play it out. Mr. Knight was not unaware how romantic this evidence was; but there were corroborating circumstances. Other mariners had tried for the hoard; one thought that the plan on the old tarpaulin was correct. But a landslip had fallen over it, and a new expedition, that of the *Aurea*, only made a tiny hole in the landslip. So Mr. Knight, with other gentlemen adventurers, fitted out the *Alerte*, a cutter yacht, and went to sea, not, however, before converting the vessel into a yawl.

With hydraulic jacks and taxidermic  
Gear, and shovels, they virtualised she,  
And eke with boring apparatus  
And fishing tackle, they went to sea.

They had a double-barrelled whaling gun, in case of pirates; they had revolvers, and repeating rifles; and we only regret that Mr. Knight set his face against piracy, and the members of the crew who thought it a pity that the gun should be idle. They did not forget the pickled pork, and captain's biscuits, and had everything handsome about them. In fact, they deserved to find the treasure, and a number of beautiful dusky maidens on the island, which, unhappily, is waste and desert, except for land-crabs, which do all that this animal has ever been called upon to perform in fiction, and a great deal more than is desirable in fact. The first mate, unluckily, turned out very badly; he was not courageous, and he was a croaker, and he deserted at Bahia, with another mariner of his own kidney. Another was a good swimmer, and a good judge of blue china, and he caused "disagreements" of which he has since "complained in print."

We learn not whether he was a good judge of land-crabs. An amateur in *Blackwood's Magazine* seems to have been discontented with their size and accomplishments. The rest of the gentlemen adventurers were resolute and loyal. The taxidermist and the photographer never reached Trinidad; in fact, the photographer never started at all. In brief, anybody's heart might have been broken by some of the gentlemen adventurers, of whom Mr. Knight speaks with remarkable good-humour and forbearance. Among the most interesting parts of Mr. Knight's interesting book is the abridgment of other treasure-stories which were told him. In one the captain, murdered by mutineers, is buried above the treasure with pleasing circumstances of good taste. This prompted doubts in Captain Robinson, who heard the legend. The Captain found the island, and the place where the treasure should have been; the millions of dollars he did not find. Perhaps, after all, he looked in the wrong island. Mr. Knight tried the Salvage Islands for this hoard, but he only found "volcanic hornblende—commercial value, nil." However, he and his crew had the excitement of the hunt, and the natives, or visitors of the island whom he met, had heard of the treasure. It has been *in situ* since 1804, and there may have been landslips or other changes of the surface here, as well as in Trinidad. This isle was reached at last, and a most spiky and inhospitable isle it looks, black, metallic, red, and yellow. "It bears all the appearance of being an accursed place"; but there are waterfalls, grass, and trees. Yet Trinidad may be recommended to the Alpine Club as a rare place for dangerous clambering over volcanic rocks. The shells of the land-crabs are of a bright saffron colour, and the crab himself has "a most cynical and diabolical expression." Mr. Knight, with the doctor, had much perilous clambering before he discovered the ravine which he had marked when he visited the place before, in the *Falcon*. But all was changed. Millions of tons of rocks had fallen in, and rendered difficult the way to Treasure Bay. Here they found remains of other diggings and of an old Portuguese penal settlement. Meanwhile, the yacht had weighed anchor and was nearly lost. The dangers of landing through the surf were immense, though made up for by the discovery of old Blue Dragon china. How it came there nobody knows. The digging now began; digging through a landslip, to find the cave marked on the old tarpaulin. Turtles were easily caught, till men wearied of calapash and calipée. At length, after much excavation, a cavern was discovered without a trace of treasure in it. In brief, the remaining adventures were chiefly nautical. Treasure Bay was turned upside down, but never a dollar was found in it. The adventurers worked hard, took their disappointment well, and are, perhaps, as happy as if they were wealthier. They have enjoyed a robust experience of life and labour, and probably are in all ways the better for it. We remain uncertain as to whether there ever was

a treasure, whether it existed and has been removed, or whether it is irrecoverably buried. The only result of the hunt is an entertaining and manly book, which leaves the impression that, as in life at large, the quest after is better than the discovery of precious things.

#### FRENCH CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

I.

IT is long since we had a better collection of Christmas books from France than those which have made their appearance this year, though one or two of them—for instance, M. Borelli's handsome volume, describing his travels in the Galla country (Quantin)—have already been accounted for in our weekly French Literature article. Of the absolute novelties, two may be said to have the pre-eminence for magnificent appearance, and it hardly matters which of these we take first. M. F. A. Gruyer's *Voyage autour du Salon Carré au Musée du Louvre*, from the famous house of Firmin-Didot, is worthy of the best days of that establishment. A royal quarto of mighty margin, and splendidly printed with letterpress at once full and critical, and a great apparatus of historical information in the notes—its chief attraction lies, of course, in its forty *hors-texte* héliogravures of some of the most famous pictures in the world, guarded, as the modern French fashion is, with tissue-paper imprinted with the name of artist and date of each plate, and consummately executed by M. Braun. Here may the reader peruse successively, with every advantage save that of colour, Ghirlandajo's Visitation, "La belle Féronnière," the Virgin of the Rocks, Lionardo's Saint Anne, the eternal enigma of Monna Lisa, Andrea del Sarto's Holy Family, that of Perugino, the Apollo and Marsyas, which may be Raphael's; the St. George, which is certainly so; the "Belle Jardinière," the Crowned Virgin (perhaps, as far as beauty goes, the most beautiful of all the "dear Madonnas"), the portrait of Castiglione, the "Great" Holy Family, the fierce unknown of Antonello da Messina, and Mantegna's Parnassus, where Venus has dethroned the lawful prince and reigns supreme—as, indeed, she has a way of doing. But the list is getting too long, and the examples are too well known. We can only further mention as wonderfully effective in reproduction the Salome of Luini (where it may be questioned whether the maiden, the severed head, or the hand of the unseen *carnifex* is the most serenely beautiful), the Infanta Margarita of Velasquez, Holbein's gorgeous Anne of Cleves, and Memling's Marriage of St. Catherine. Rubens loses more than any one; but that is no new experience. The book is bound—or rather wrapped in *attendante* binding—in that not uncomely leather paper which has recently become fashionable in France, and is a most desirable possession.

Even larger and more splendid, habited in solid boards and with gilt tops, is M. Louis Gonsse's *L'art gothique*, published by the Ancienne Maison Quantin. If polemic were not rather out of place in noticing so splendid a book as this, we should have a good deal to say, not to the comparatively innocent *outré-dance* by implication, which makes M. Gonsse take all his examples from French Gothic art, but to the less pardonable explicitness of his assertion that Gothic art is "l'art français," is "radicalement et uniquement française dans son essence, dans ses origines, et dans ses développements." It shall be sufficient for us to observe—that certainly no impartial scholar in architecture will gainsay—that such a statement will not stand a moment's examination by any one who unites knowledge of the facts with critical power. And so let us pass on to the consideration of M. Gonsse's examples, which, as persons not less patriotic but more critical than himself will promptly acknowledge, could not have been taken from any country more rich in glorious examples of a glorious period of art. To attempt to select specimens from a book of five hundred mighty pages, of which few do not bear or face a woodcut, a chromolithograph, a héliogravure, or something else illustrative, would be futile. We can only remark upon the singular beauty of the chromolithographs, and of the toned héliogravures which are employed to represent ivories and the like. For M. Gonsse attacks every branch of Gothic art, and does not by any means confine himself to architecture. Ivories, enamels, goldsmiths' work, wood-work, glass-work, even embroidery—he takes toll of all, and all combine to make a truly magnificent collection.

From the same firm, or firms, we have two lighter, but very pretty and amusing, volumes intended for children. The large album, called *Imagerie artistique*, contains on each page a separate story told in brightly coloured cuts, with legends. The improving ones, which tell how Léon was a naughty boy till he became good and got prizes, and went to St. Cyr and thence to Tonquin, and killed several Black Flags with a revolver, do not greatly aride us. But some of the more fantastic histories are decidedly agreeable. The fate of a Christmas goose which, to stop dissension in the family, was rashly promised to "the Black man," and which a real "Black man" got, to the great comfort of his own hungry infants, is interesting, but less so than the parallel histories telling of French sailors attacked on the coast of Afrikee by a most rampagious tiger and a lion of imposing dimensions. The simple heroes succeeded by the aid of an equally simple tub in vanquishing the animals very

delectably. The expedients by which, having turned the tub over the beast, they, in the one case, tied a knot in the tail, which he had incautiously thrust through the bung-hole, and in the other, by puffing navy plug through the said bung-hole, asphyxiated him into harmlessness, are so natural, convincing, and seductive, that they cannot fail to please. The other volume, *La chanson des jouteurs*, with verse by M. Jouy, music by MM. Blanc and Dauphin, and gorgeous illustration by that friend of childhood, M. Adrien Marie, has more complicated attractions. The large plates, which are numerous, will, perhaps, please the infantry best, and some of them—such as an enormous kite and a most exciting steeplechase on wooden horses—are very good. But, perhaps, withered age will prefer M. Marie's very pretty and inventive *encadrements* and *vignettes*.

In the fine *Bibliothèque Internationale de l'Art*, which is conducted by M. Eugène Müntz, and published at the Librairie de l'Art, two volumes have been issued this Christmas—one by M. Müntz himself, on *Tapisseries, broderies, et dentelles*; the other by Doctor A. le Pilleur, devoted to Sebastian del Piombo, and the first, it seems, of a series of *Les correspondants de Michel Ange*. We have often praised the mechanical presentment, as well as the scholarly letterpress, of these handsome quartos. The letters of Sebastian are published for the first time in Italian, with a translation into French, and the text being the chief object of interest, the illustrations are not in this volume numerous. It is far otherwise with M. Müntz's book, where the second page gives us a cut of Egyptians weaving, and the sequel is prodigal of cuts in the text and plates out of it. Among the earliest of interest is the Munich "Card-players" tapestry; then we may note some exquisite Renaissance borders; next some wonderful fourteenth-century examples from Angers Cathedral. There is a very large and interesting collection of the regular "picture" tapestries—Flemish, Italian, German, and Gobelin—and we may mention in passing some illustrating the Apocalypse, from the Madrid Museum, a noteworthy history of Vulcan, from a private collection, and a Psyche series of great interest from Pau. Even more interesting, perhaps, than these are the purely decorative examples of embroidery, lace, &c., which follow; note, in particular, a Genoese crimson velvet frontal, a Venetian carpet of cream-coloured satin, a magnificent Oriental one of crimson velvet and gold thread, together with some point de Venise amongst the laces.

The twelfth year of M. Lafenestre's *Livre d'or du salon*, which we have so often noticed and as often praised (Librairie des Bibliophiles), contains some excellent work, and is equally free from M. Rochegrosse's butchers' shops and from other persons' hardly more agreeable exhibitions of live meat. We do not greatly care for the frontispiece after Charpentier's *La chanson*, but sculpture does not, in some cases at any rate, lend itself well to reproduction of this kind. The version of M. Français's "Matinée brumeuse," on the other hand, is charming, the medium being exactly suited to the work—expressions which we can hardly use of the next plate, M. de Richemont's illustration of "Le Rêve." Of the others we may notice M. le Liepvre's "La Loire," and two very nice naked babies warming themselves at the fire, by M. Paul Peel. M. Jules Breton's "Les dernières fleurs" is certain of admirers, and the background and arms of M. Collin's "Adolescence" (remarkably well rendered by M. Champollion) deserve them. M. Wencker's "Portrait de M. Boulanger" (not "le brav") is really fine.

Among the batch of choice editions of real literature which M. Jouaust always times so as to coincide, or nearly so, with Christmas, and to provide people of taste with presents for themselves and others, which, if not showy, are admirable as books, the third volume of Musset's *Théâtre* deserves the first place, both for costliness and for combined merits of all sorts. We have heard the vulgarian grumble at the twenty-five or thirty francs which, as a rule, are charged for each volume of the *Bibliothèque artistique*, but better execution is not possible, and for good execution, as for other good things, you must in this world pay in coin or otherwise. As for M. Delort's illustrations, it is among Musset's Shakspearian qualities that his illustrators never wholly please his readers. But the frontispiece to *Un caprice* is characteristic and good; that to *Il ne faut jurer de rien* perhaps better still, and that to *Le chandelier* almost worthy of a piece which contains "Si vous croyez que je vais dire." Some people may like the best of all, the frontispiece, not only to *Barberine*, but to the book, best—to us the face at the window seems charming, but the figure of the distaff-holder somewhat out of drawing. Of other issues from the same house we may notice an edition of the ever-welcome *Memoirs* of Mme. de Staël-Delaunay (a much nicer person than the more famous Staël with an *e* with whom the sciolist is always confounding her), edited in the "Petite Bibliothèque Artistique," with exceedingly pretty vignettes in the text by M. Lalauze, as well as separate plates by the same fertile and accomplished illustrator. The vignette style is, we think, new in this series, and it is a very agreeable innovation. A seventh volume of M. Bengesco's *Œuvres choisies de Voltaire* contains the beginning of "Charles the Twelfth"; M. Gréard, in the "Nouvelle Bibliothèque Classique," edits Fénelon's *Education des filles* with a long, careful, and unusually authoritative introduction; and in yet another collection, "Les Petits Chefs-d'œuvre," an editor as competent in his own line, M. Eugène Asse, produces Rulhière's *Anecdotes sur le Maréchal de Richelieu*.

MM. Boussod, Valadon, & Co. send us a right stately volume

in M. André Theuriot's *Reine des bois*, illustrated by M. Laurent-Desrousseaux. No one has a better grasp of silvan and rural life in France than M. Theuriot; and though, perhaps, English readers do not fully share the taste of French for fiction in armful-volumes, the illustrations here should serve as more than sufficient bait. If we like M. Laurent-Desrousseaux better in landscapes or parcel-landscapes than in purely figure-pieces, it is chiefly because plates of this size filled with modern coats and trousers are not always amusing. Far better, for instance, is the girl with a bundle on her head opposite p. 20, the chimney-corner tail-piece at p. 43, and the bare trees of the snow landscape at the head of chapter iv., than some other plates where the execution seems too good for the triviality of the subject. An old motive is treated, not exactly in a new manner, but well, in the plate of bird-feeding at p. 78, and the priest consoling the weeping girl a little later is excellent. The head- and tail-pieces throughout may be praised almost without exception; and in them, we think, M. Laurent-Desrousseaux's strength lies.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

**F**OLLOWING Mr. Froude's volume on Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Henry W. Dunckley's *Lord Melbourne* (Sampson Low & Co.) deals with the career of a statesman who, in strict chronological sequence, should hold the first place in "The Queen's Prime Ministers," the new series of biographies edited by Mr. Stuart J. Reid. Mr. Dunckley's sketch of Lord Melbourne's life and character shows a true appreciation of the Minister's finer qualities—his tact, conciliation, and firmness, qualities that were almost as instinctive and natural with Melbourne as were his hatred of fuss and fads, and the specious theories of doctrinaire politicians. Mr. Dunckley is not more than just in his review of Melbourne's administration of the Home Office, where the easy-going statesman certainly did not fail to show "adequate energy where energy was required." Then, again, the writer is certainly just in his excellent comments on the letter addressed to Brougham by Melbourne when he undertook to form his Cabinet. Perhaps no Prime Minister had ever before him a more difficult task than Melbourne when he undertook to inform Brougham of his exclusion from the Cabinet, and decidedly a delicate and disagreeable business was never discharged with greater firmness or more admirable temper. The letter, indeed, is a masterpiece. On the whole, Mr. Dunckley's work is executed with judgment and good taste, though it is a pity that the book shows no infrequent signs that the important labour of revision has been imperfectly carried out. More than once we have been arrested by deplorable misprints, and the omission of right punctuation here and there renders the narrative somewhat cryptic. Mr. Dunckley's style, to be frank, is not invariably lucid. For example, his account of the generations of the Cokes and the Lambs might, without further amplitude, have been a good deal clearer than it is. At p. 19 there is a reference to the *Memoirs* by Mr. Torrens, followed by a quotation of the *Greville Memoirs*, so awkwardly constructed that it defies intelligible solution; unless, as we suspect, some necessary punctuation has been omitted.

Mr. Donald Nicoll's *Man's Revenge* (King, Sell, & Railton, Ltd.) is issued in aid of the funds of the Association for Promoting Courts of Appeal and Uniformity of Sentences in Criminal Cases. It is a "book with a purpose," and, like most of its kind, its advocacy of reform is singularly unfortunate, both in method and in reasoning. Indeed a more inchoate and vapid volume it has never been our lot to read. Courts of Appeal, such as Mr. Nicoll finds desirable, might possibly be beneficial to the commonweal. But Mr. Nicoll's book is extremely likely to persuade thinking persons that they are not at all necessary. And it is the same with regard to the plea for the abolition of capital punishment. Because some condemned criminals have declared that they feared capital punishment less than long sentences of penal servitude, Mr. Nicoll argues that the death penalty for murder is not a deterrent punishment. But he does not take into account what the unrecorded opinion of the majority upon this interesting point may have been. For the rest, Mr. Nicoll fortifies his case with woodcuts illustrating ancient methods of torture and executions in the past of what he calls, to use his misleading and inaccurate term, "Man's Revenge." By the way, all wars are stigmatized by Mr. Nicoll as "Man's Revenge," which is historically false and demonstrably absurd. Finally, the writer has collected some proved and some suspected cases of "miscarriages of justice," to confirm his plea for Courts of Appeal, yet we cannot find that his argument is strengthened thereby.

*Souvenirs of the Second Empire* (Dean & Son) is a volume of reminiscences by the Comte de Maugny, of the Court at the Tuileries during the last three years of the Third Napoleon's reign. The book comprises some lively descriptions of the Imperial fêtes, the soirées at Compiègne, the balls and receptions of the leaders of Parisian society, and other brilliant gatherings of the years 1868 and 1869, in which the author participated previous to his honourable exile to the Court of Persia.

In "The Great Musicians" series *Cherubini* (Sampson Low & Co.) has, of necessity, a place, though Mr. F. J. Crowest, in the course of a brief review of Cherubini's work in sacred and dramatic music, is not inclined to rank the composer of *Médée* and the grand Mass in D minor with Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, "or the last of the Titans of music—Mendelssohn." The classification of the



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"Great," in the art and science of music, is a hard matter to compass, and one that the wise do refrain from attempting. Mr. Crowest's estimate of Cherubini as a composer of sacred music, or for the stage, or as a teacher at the Conservatoire, and so on, appears to be somewhat vague and inconsistent. After all, Cherubini is the musicians' musician; just as Spenser is the poets' poet.

*Fulgar Verses*, by Brown Jones (Reeves & Turner), is a volume that celebrates the poetical aspects of honest drudgery, the rough labours of servant girls, and the like. The Muse is profuse in her praise of rough hands and willing, kind hearts, and tall athletic handmaids, who become sentimental on accepting *douceurs* from commercial gents, like Mary in the ballad, "Bonne à tout faire," or who work with a Yorkshire love of cleaning, like "Boompington Nell." The operations of Nell are most feelingly painted:—

Eh, what a pleasure, to kneel wi' your two bare arms kep' tight,  
Stiff from the shoulders down, both hands wi' all your might  
Grippin' the big floor-brush, an' pressin' it down with a shove  
Into the grain o' the boards, till the dirt begins to move.

Vigorous and picturesque, not in the least vulgar, are the ballads of *Fulgar Verses*.

The last volume of the very useful series of handy commentaries, "The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges," comprises *The Revelation of St. John the Divine*, with notes, and an admirable introduction by the late Rev. W. H. Simcox (Cambridge: at the University Press).

Under the title *The World's Religions* (Ward, Lock, & Co.) Mr. G. T. Bettany has compiled a volume of formidable bulk and "popular" design. Regarded as a whole, the book may certainly be said to reveal that "disposition towards toleration" which the author hopes will be detected in his treatment of a prodigious theme. The most unlovely superstitions are recorded with the most spiritual conceptions in this descriptive summary of the religious opinions, rites, rituals, and institutions of savage and civilized man, in the past and in the present. The book is profusely illustrated.

Mr. Chamberlain's recent speeches, issued under the auspices of the National Liberal Union of Birmingham, *Speeches on the Irish Question* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), form a notable and instructive volume, arranged with useful headings, and accompanied by a full index. The collection opens with the admirable address at Ayr in April, 1887, and closes with the Oxford speech on the Land Bill and Land Purchase, delivered last May. The interval indicated embraced some of Mr. Chamberlain's most vigorous and telling speeches.

We have received *Discipline; and other Sermons*, by Charles Kingsley, new edition (Macmillan & Co.); *Janet's Home* (by Annie Keary, new edition (Macmillan & Co.); *Isaac Pitman*, a Biography by Thomas Allan Reed (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *John Bull and his other Island*, by Arthur Bennett (Simpkin & Co.); and *The Encore Reciter*, third series (Warne & Co.)

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